THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY
176.5
J23c

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

ILLINOIS
SURVEY

"To make some work of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, — more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God! —*Carlyle.*

Chicago's Dark Places

Investigations by a Corps of Specially Appointed Commissioners Edited and arranged by the Chief Commissioner.

E. James, George Wharton,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.:
THOMAS J. MORROW, BANK OF COMMERCE BLDG.
1891.

COPYRIGHTED,

1891.

176.5
J23c

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

"CHICAGO'S DARK PLACES" is issued at the request of many Christian men and women, and with the profound conviction that it will do much good. Its mission is to awaken and enlighten all the people of Chicago, but especially those who have been, and still are, unconcerned as to the dangers which surround the young, and unawakened as to the great moral reforms needed in the city.

It is a book for men and women to carefully and earnestly consider, and then act upon. If the reports given are *true*, action is needed. The fact that we assume the responsibility of publishing the book is sufficient proof that we believe its statements are true.

The Chief Commissioner was appointed by us. The plan and purpose of the book have been, by him, successfully carried out according to our directions. To him and his assistants we now tender our earnest thanks for the careful and thorough manner in which they have discharged their arduous and unthankful duties, and in so doing express the hope that their labors have not been in vain.

THE PUBLISHERS.

41285

INDEX.

Publishers' Preface.

Prelude..... 9

Poverty and the Poor.

Chicago's Glories—The Other Side of the Picture—The "Why" of the Book—Poverty and Degradation—The *Herald's* Investigations—Semi-Naked Children—Anxious to Work—Crowded Like Sardines—A Bad System—A Wretched Old Man—The *Globe's* Inquiry—The Unemployed—An Alluring Bait—Capital and Labor—What is a "Bum"?—Tramping the Streets—Into the Sink—Horrible Destitution—A Cheerful Widow—Hungry, Helpless and Abused—A Common Case—Two Maiden Souls—Husband Killed, Child Born, Two Children Died, All in One Year—The King's Daughters.... 13–29

Saloons and Their Habitues.

Five Thousand Six Hundred Saloons in Chicago—Beer Expenditures in Chicago—How it Might be Spent—Products of the Saloon Business—Evils That Cannot be Estimated—The Saloon Opposed to Law and Order—Temptations to Children—The Hotbed of Crime—The Beer Riot—Un-American—Violators of the Laws—Harborers of Prostitutes—"Cubby Holes"—How the Prostitutes and Saloons Work Together—"Ladies' Entrances"—Harlot Compartments—Back Alleys—Obscene Pictures—Free Lunches—How Froth is Served—Influence of Brewers—A Vile Den—The Young Men and the Saloons—Saloon-Infested Districts—Political Power—Thirty-two Girls Attempted Suicide—Danger to Virtue—A Desperate But Now Reformed Case—Fallen From Her High Estate—A Fearful Menu—Injury to Womanhood—Consequences to Future Generations—The Beer Gardens—What is the Saloon?..... 30–53

Theaters, Concert Halls and Museums.

Good and Evil Theaters—Gilbert's Strong Criticism—Teachers of Crime—Lustful Advertisements—Vice Schools—Saloons and Houses of Prostitution in Disguise—A Hellish Place—Fearful Debasement—Gorged With Living Prey—Ruthless Thieves—Sodom and Gomorrah Outdone—Clement Scott's Warning—Caterers to Morbid Curiosity—Wide-Reaching Influence for Evil..... 54–63

Immoral Dives.

Feeders to Worse Places—"The Nude in Art"—"Opium Dreams"—A Basement Hell—Diabolical Debasement of Our Boys—French Playing Cards—Racy Packages—The Tricks of These Swindlers—Guides to Evil Houses—Where is the Law?..... 64–68

Obscene Pictures, Books and Advertisements.

The Pompeii Frescoes—Nude Women's Pictures—The Saloon and Obscene Pictures—Liquor Advertising—Tobacco Pictures—Theatrical Posters—Chicago's Vile Books—Business Ability Fearfully Prostituted—How These Vile Books are Advertised—Excuses for Sensuality and Prostitution—Sent to the Penitentiary—Need for Immediate Suppression..... 69–79

The Social Evil.

Licentiousness the Most Powerful Cause of Crime—A Gigantic Evil—Woman's Side of the Question Ignored—The "Dual" Standard of Chastity—Infested With Prostitutes—"Fallen Men"—Needed Laws—A Hard Case—Traps for Girls—Lecherous Wretches—Mr. Ballard's Offer—The Widespread Extent of Lust—The Black Hole—Lying in Wait—The Prostitutes' Restaurants—Temptations to Young Men—Unchaste Through Poverty—Manufactories of Fallen Women—Professional Prostitutes—Gilded Palaces of Sin—Cabman Commissioner's Report—The Patrons of These Places—Who are They?—How They Entrap Innocent Girls—Where the Patrons' Photographs are to be Found—Whence Comes the Army of Prostitutes?—The Chicago Liberal—The Influence of the Saloon—A White Girl in a Colored House—

How Fallen Women are Treated by Some Christians — How Many Prostitutes in Chicago? — Houses That Never Close—Jezebel's Excuse—Is it a Necessary Evil?—Vile Wretches—Specious Advertisements—Corrupted Eighteen Young Girls—Tampering With Little Girls—Death From the Start—Worse Than Murder—Illegitimate Children—Baby Farms — Abortion — Damnable Fiend of Lust..... 80–117

Massage Parlors.

Bestial Counterfeits — Advertisements of Harlotry—How These Dens Are Operated—Elegant Rooms — Prostitute Operators — Who Visit Such Places—How Can Respectable Newspapers Advertise These Demoralizing Parlors?— How Young Girls Are Entrapped—The Story of One Who Escaped—A "Parlor" in the Business Section..... 118–126

Procuresses, Abductors, Etc.

The Extent of This Crime—Methods Employed—Meeting the Trains—Forcibly Detained—Cabmen in League With Houses of Prostitution—Chicago Jezebel's Statement—Boldness of Procuresses—At the Hospital—One Victim's Story—How She Escaped—Taken by Her Betrayer—Held in Bonds—Twenty-eight Girls Shipped South—Importation of French Girls—Clearing House in Montreal—Another Form of Procuring—How the Girls Enter the Work—Couldn't Pass a Law—The Age of Consent—A Disgrace to the Manhood and Womanhood of Illinois — The Protective Agency — A Dreadful Case—Horrible Life..... 127–141

Observations on the Making of Criminals.

Criminals, Born and Made—Heredity of Good as Well as Evil—Born for Murder, Theft and Lust—Criminality of the Children of Christian Parents—Wrong Biblical Notions—The Evil Advice of Physicians—The Effect of Vile Advertisements, Etc.—The Public School..... 142–149

The Agencies of Reform.

Relief and Aid Societies—Various Missions—For Fallen Women—W. C. T. U.—Salvation Army—King's Daughters — Various Associations — Per-

The Agencies of Reform. *Continued.*

sonal Visitation at Hospitals — Police Matrons—Erring Women's Refuge — Anchorage Mission—Midnight Mission—Bureau of Justice—Protective Agency—Can Fallen Women be Reclaimed ?—Immediate Relief Societies—The Public Press..... 150–164

A Word to Professing Christians.

The Position Occupied by Christians—Who the Chapter is For—How to Show Our Love to God—Why are You so Favored ?—None of Your Business ! — Shoddy Christianity — Large Salaries to Ministers—Weak Christians—Kill Your Own Selfishness—What Ought You to Do ?—Ministers and Dogmas—Dr. Pressley's Mistaken Words—What is the Remedy ?..... 165–176

Suggestive Remedies.

Unselfish Love to Help—Sterness to Crush—The Survival of the Fittest—The Theory of Emasculation—Crimes Against Criminals—The Insane—Indiscriminate Giving—How About the "Unworthy" Poor ? — Lodging Houses — The Glasgow Plan—Homes For Working Men — Cooking Depots — Public Baths—How to Banish Beggary—Where Booth's Plan Will Fail—No Delegation of Charity Work — Encouragement to Thrift — Industrial Schools—Rich Men their own Almoners—True and Mimetic Poverty—The sad plight of the Rich Man —The Saloon must go—High License— Enforce Present Laws — Close Saloons on Sunday—Disfranchise Drunkards—No Girls to sell Beer—More Coffee Houses—Water Fountains—Public Conveniences—Need of Entertainment—Music—Singing Classes — Organ Concerts — Lectures — People's Churches—Great Preachers to give their Services for the Poor—Public Museums—Hold Policemen Responsible for Immoral Dives—Imprison their Keepers—Drive out the Obscene Books—Educate the Children to know and avoid them—The same Law for Men and Women—Close up Houses of Prostitution — Abolish age of Consent—Disfranchise Unchaste Married Men—Close up Massage Parlors—Children to know the Law of Sex—Mistaken Kindness—The Horrible "Physical Necessity" Doctrine—Midnight Mission—Home for Shop Girls—Wise Sympathy the only Cure for Poverty, Degradation and Crime..... 177–213

PRELUDE.

"Discovered perils are opportunities and incentives to disciples of the Great Physician."

—*Simon J. McPherson, D.D.*

STANLEY visited the heart of the Dark Continent and wrote "In Darkest Africa;"—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, explored the deepest recesses of poverty, crime and vice in England and wrote "In Darkest England;"—and I, in conjunction with my assistants, have gone into many of the dark "dens" and "black holes" of Chicago, and "Chicago's Dark Places" is written as the product of those visits and investigations.

The facts here presented are the combined results of the most thorough and careful scrutinizations made by all the commissioners engaged in this work, but are so arranged and connected as to simplify them for the reader.

This book is not written for sensational purposes; it is not offered to gratify any prurient curiosity; but the motives of both commissioners and publisher have been to arouse in the patriotic, philanthropic and Christian people of this great city an intense desire to more effectually cope with the sin, sorrow, poverty, vice and wretchedness that these pages disclose.

There is not a single exaggerated statement, con-

sciously made, in the whole book. The *facts*, and the facts *alone*, are given, and, if disputed, *can be proven*, by reliable testimony. Any person who will take the trouble to carefully investigate will find that *much more* than is contained in this volume could truthfully be said and still leave the record of poverty, woe and vice incomplete and fragmentary. We have only touched here and there the great cancers that so deface the beauty and destroy the healthfulness of Chicago.

There are those who will exclaim : What good do you hope to accomplish by the publication of such a book? They will shake their heads in condemnation of our work. The answer we make to all such is : That poverty, disease and vice are lurking, not only in "the dark places," but in the business center of the city, and that many of the better class of citizens are apparently unaware of these existences. To assist them to carry out the necessary reforms, the character, object and aims of the proprietors of the "dark places" must be shown. When this is done, there is some hope of a thorough moral scavenger work being inaugurated and vigorously prosecuted.

Plain language has been used—not any plainer, however, than was necessary to let the reader understand the terrible conditions in which the poor and vicious of this city live.

If these pages result in the awakening of the people of Chicago to the urgent needs and demands of

the present hour and to renewed activity and increase in the organizations which already exist for the amelioration of the fearful conditions under which the poverty-stricken and criminal classes dwell, whose lives, with their awful surroundings, are here depicted, the expenditure of time, energy and money on the part of commissioners and publisher will be well repaid, and their labor not have been in vain.

The remedies proposed are earnestly commended to the consideration of those who, regardless of creed or nationality, are striving to make Chicago GREAT in that righteousness which exalteth a nation, as well as great in that material prosperity which has made her the cynosure of the business eyes of the whole civilized world.

THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

Poverty and the Poor

"It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die —the last exit of us all is in a Fire-Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, girt in with a cold, universal laissez-faire; it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Justice, as in the accursed belly of a Phalaris' Bull! This is, and remains forever, intolerable to all men whom God has made."

—*Carlyle.*

"How shall the love of God be understood by those who have been nurtured in sight only of the greed of man?"

—*A Brooklyn Builder.*

THE visitor to Chicago who comes for pleasure and recreation is taken by his friends in an elegant carriage and driven down Grand Boulevard, Drexel Boulevard, Ashland Boulevard, Washington Boulevard, Sheridan Drive, Michigan Avenue, and the many other boulevards and avenues, past palatial residences, designed by skilful architects and built by experienced builders, into the parks and drives which the city has wisely provided, and along the shores of grand old Lake Michigan. He views its massive, Babel-like, public buildings and its great hotels, is feted at the clubs, and spends his evening in a box in the chastely appointed Auditorium, and in the quiet midnight hour is invited to stand in the middle of

Michigan Avenue and look, first to the south and then to the north; and as the length of the avenue down which he drove in the daytime, is revealed in dimmest outline, in the darkness of the night, by the subdued yet clear light of the long lines of gas lamps—he thinks that, assuredly, he is now in the finest street that can be found in the heart of any great city in the habitable globe. In the morning he leaves Chicago, full of rhetorical enthusiasm over the great and glorious—the young and beautiful city he has just left behind. Its homes are "super par excellence,"—its Auditorium, unrivalled—its parks, exquisite—its lake-view, sublime—its avenues, delightful—its energy, wonderful—its success, unequalled—its future, glorious. Words fail him to express the feelings of astonishment that overcame him as he saw how the Goddess of Plenty had poured forth her golden stores into the lap of this phœnix of American cities. And, as far as he had seen, his judgment would have been correct, his enthusiasm easy to understand, and his laudation to be expected.

But, alas! there are two sides to every picture. Too often we hear after the "Look on this side!" the sad response, "Now, look on that!"

It must be acknowledged that it is the too great temptation of ordinary Chicago humanity to look only on the side of the prosperity, progress, magnificence and splendor of their city, and in the feelings of honest pride that spring up with such contemplation to forget, or wilfully overlook, the other side.

There is more of optimism in our hearts than of pessimism, and it is because we believe that the optimistic hearts of the men and women of Chicago will lead them to determine to make all things fair and beautiful

and good in their city that this corps of commissioners was appointed to draw aside the veil that too long has covered the other—the darker, the sadder side of the picture.

Chicagoans! you are brave, you are fearless, you are manly, you are womanly. We honestly affirm this. Will you shrink from the contemplation of the lives of your brothers and sisters, because such contemplation is saddening and painful? We have faith in you that you will not. We believe in you, that you will earnestly seek to help those whose sorrows are presented to you ; to determinately punish those who deliberately befoul your fair city. Therefore without fear or hesitation, we show you some of the dark places that exist in your midst.

It must be confessed and conceded that there do not exist in Chicago such dense masses of dire degradation and wretchedness of poverty as may be found in New York or London. But the conditions are here, and the coming years will surely develop them. There are localities, such as Little Hell, The Black Hole, the Italian Quarter, the Polish Quarter, the Arab tenement houses—sections to be found off South Halsted, Third, Fourth, Pacific, Blue Island and other avenues and streets, that beggar description. Tumble down, ricketty, wretched frame houses—alleys full of reeking filth—the refuse of stables, ash-piles, decaying vegetable matter, giving out foul odors, and uniting with miasmic cess-pools, in breeding disease and death. Here you may see blear-eyed, bloated-bodied, semi-palsied, dejected, debased, degraded men and women; children who are utter strangers to soap, water and towel, and whose greatest enjoyment is to dabble in the mud and

filth of the alleys. Inside, the houses are as vile as their outer surroundings. Close, stuffy and stinking, without any attempt at ventilation—men and women crowding together as swine in a dirty sty—cooking, eating, drinking, smoking, working and sleeping, all in the same room—no attempt at decency in the separation of the sexes—boys, girls, elder brothers, sisters, father and mother all sleeping together in one room; the picture is not one of beauty, nor fit for calm contemplation—nor is contact with the immediate locations anything but nauseating in the extreme.

Yet they exist. They are here in our midst, and they ought not to be here. Some effort should be made to remove them. In our chapter on "Remedies," there are some suggestions which we trust will be deemed worthy of trial, and which are earnestly commended as the outcome of years of study and thought of those whose work has been in the amelioration of similar foul conditions in other large cities.

There are many who will say they are perfectly familiar with the fact that in every large city, there must, of very necessity, exist a large number of poor, very poor people, and that, therefore, Chicago is no exception to the general rule.

It is not the purpose of these pages to show that Chicago *is* an exception, but it is apparent that dire destitution exists here on the one hand, and that great wealth is in the hands of professedly Christian people and philanthropists on the other.

Who could read the columns of the *Herald* some weeks ago, when the editor, with his corps of reporters, penetrated some of the dark regions of poverty in this city, and not feel his heart moved? The tales of

woe there related were unquestionably true, and yet they were but a hundredth part of what might have been told. Relief was cheerfully given by many people, and yet it must be confessed the effort was but spasmodic, and the *Herald* itself stated that it had to close its relief rooms when there were still constant calls for aid.

Our chief commissioner in speaking with a gentleman well known in Chicago's political life, asked him to give his view of the general distress and poverty, and here is what he said:

"When the city put in operation the compulsory education law, tenant inspectors were sent out to bring in the truant children. They found a great number so destitute that they were absolutely unfit to attend the public schools. Common decency would not permit that children of both sexes, in a worse than semi-nude condition, should associate in the school-rooms. A committee of ladies representing the Chicago Women's Club, the Trades' Association and the Women's Association, started a movement to clothe these poor children. In one season they clothed over 300, and yet, they acknowledged that they could only reach the mere outskirts, whilst the dense mass of poverty was allowed to remain unheeded and unhelped.

"A friend of mine was an eye-witness to the following: Some time in the middle of last winter an advertisement appeared in one of the papers for men to go out of the city and cut ice. Passing near the Canal Street depot my friend saw an immense crowd gathered there, and fearing a terrible railway accident had taken place, and that they were bringing in the dead and wounded, he worked his way into

the throng and asked what was the matter. To his astonishment he found that this great crowd was composed of laborers who had come to answer the advertisement for ice-cutters. Although the wages were small and the work disagreeable, so anxious were men for work, that they begged to be sent out.

"I have in my possession a transcript of the daily record (for two days) of one of our city police stations. Last February, in one night, 124 destitute, homeless men applied for shelter, and of this number sixty-eight were native-born Americans. The station was so crowded that in one cell 8 x 9½, *fourteen* men passed the night. Some would stand whilst the others lay packed like sardines, and after awhile, those standing would change places with those who, on the floor, were seeking to woo "sweet, peaceful sleep." And there is not a night that passes that you cannot find in the police stations a large number of these homeless men, who, because of their wretchedness and poverty, are thus compelled to become familiar with the cells where criminals only are supposed to be confined. It needs no keen acumen to see that this, in the very nature of things, has a demoralizing tendency, for, too often, alas! it is but a step from misfortune to criminality. It should be the aim of good government to do all it can to make that step hard to take, but this plan of sending *poor* men to the prison cells of *bad* men, simply because they have no means to go elsewhere, is a reversing of that principle, and thus renders the taking of the step from misfortune to criminality an easy and almost natural one.

"An old man, wretched, poor, homeless and destitute not knowing where to lay his head, was seen to

take a shovel and deliberately break a window of a store directly opposite the police station.

"What did you do that for?" asked the policeman who arrested him.

"'Cos I was hungry and cold, and I knew if you got me I should have shelter and food."

"He was taken and cared for *after* he had violated the law, when, had there been sensible provision made for such cases he need not thus have violated it.

"A gentleman standing by, in reply to the comment made that it was "hard lines for the poor old man," sagely remarked: "My dear sir! are you not aware that the law must protect property?"

"Unfortunately, it is hard to see how such law does protect property in the slightest degree. The window was smashed, and the law made no indemnification to the owner. It *punished* the offender, by giving him what he asked for, but *only gave it*, *after* he had violated the law.

"A short time ago the *Globe* instituted an inquiry as to the number of men at present in the city out of employment. It gave, as the total, that there were 40,000 adults seeking work. Bear this statement in mind with what now follows.

"At a meeting of the Trades' Association a motion was made to the effect that the Association request the mayor of the city and the directory of the World's Fair to issue a proclamation declaring that the city was flooded with idle men, and warning the unemployed of other cities and districts not to come here as there was not work for them.

"The following morning a reporter waited upon Mayor Cregier and asked him what he would do if

the resolution were presented to him. His immediate reply was to the effect that he would gladly issue such a proclamation, especially mentioning the fact that there were 20,000 unemployed men in the city already.

"Now look at the two statements, and you see the awfulness of the fact, no matter which estimate is accepted as correct. Suppose you strike a balance between the two, (although the Trades' Association inclines to believe the Globe's figures are the more accurate), and you have the appalling assurance that 30,000 unemployed men are wandering through the streets of this city seeking work. Even granted that the mayor's conservative estimate is most correct, the fearful fact still remains that our peace is menaced by twenty thousand men who have not the necessary work to earn their daily bread.

"In a personal conversation I had with Vice-President Bryan of the World's Fair Directory, he asked the question if I didn't think that the publishing of the minimum rate of wages that the directors were to pay for unskilled labor, viz: $1.50 a day, would result in the pouring into this city from the outlying districts and other cities, of many to whom even these small wages would be an alluring bait. Think of how much such a question implies! That men outside are so anxious to get work that they would flood this city in order to earn the large sum of $1.50 per day.

"Only a few days ago the papers gave an account of a society just organized by some of the capitalists of this city for the establishment of a Laborer's Refuge. I think they were to expend $8,000 in putting up a building where unemployed laborers could go and saw wood and do such like "chores" in order to relieve

their more immediate and pressing necessities. This is an admission that all the ordinary methods already in operation to meet such cases are utterly inadequate to supply the demands made upon them for help, and that other means are urgently necessary to satisfy the requirements.

"It is a well-known fact that in all conflicts between capital and labor, the capitalist enters into the strife knowing that he can fill the place of every striker within a few hours. The supply is so great, and the anxiety of workingmen to obtain work so strong that they will even risk their lives at the hands of the ofttimes desperate strikers in order to gain a position. The capitalist has no fear about getting laborers,—the only fear he has is lest the organized labor should by force and violence prevent his "scab" workmen, as they are termed, from proceeding.

"These facts most conclusively refute the statements too often made that 'men won't work,' and 'there's work enough if men are only willing to do it.' Such is not the truth. I can find you many instances where good, steady workmen have offered to the foremen of certain establishments $10, $25, and even the whole of the first month's wages if they would find them employment."

Our commissioner acknowledged the potency of this argument, and then asked: "But how about the 'bums' who won't work even when it is offered to them?" And the reply is one worthy the thoughtful consideration of all. Said he: "Let me ask, What is a bum? As a rule, you will find him to be a creature degraded by circumstances and evil conditions. Let me illustrate. A man loses his job by sickness or some

other unavoidable cause. He seeks work, and I have shown you how difficult it is to find it. He fails time and time again. Is there any wonder that he grows discouraged, and that, picking up his meals at the free lunch counter, sleeping in the wretched lodging houses, associating with the filthy and degraded, he, step by step, drifts further away from the habits of integrity and industry that used to be a part of himself. He sinks lower and lower until, overcome by circumstances, he is at the bottom of the social layer, a bum—at once a menace and a disgrace to the city. Instead of blaming and condemning him, poor fellow, we should look at the circumstances that made him what he is, and endeavor to remedy them. I myself once spent fifteen weeks tramping the streets of this city, earnestly seeking work, and had not my wife and children been here to comfort and console me, God only knows what would have become of me had I grown discouraged. If I had been alone, in a strange city, I might have drifted into the slums, got 'bits' around bar rooms, and ultimately have gone down into the sink just as hundreds of others, quite as good as I, have done.

"No, I assure you, it is only a narrow, ignorant, superficial view of affairs that will lead anyone to doubt the existence of such wide-spread poverty, and the difficulty there is to gain employment. I know thousands of people will meet my statements with their cool-blooded and virtuous remark that 'No one can earnestly seek work and not find it,' and thus shuffle their own responsibility on to the shoulders of the poor wretch who is close upon the verge of one of the three precipices of desperation, despair or crime. Let me emphatically condemn that remark as in many cases abso-

lutely untrue. Then, when you force upon these virtuous people the facts of existing distress, they 'wonder how such things could be, and they never know of them.' "

Such were the statements of general poverty prevalent in Chicago made to our commissioner, by this gentleman (a man who is living and struggling for the welfare of his fellow-men), in this city.

The following cases are reported by our various commissioners, and they are but few of many that might be given:

"Ah! come in! You're just in time to go with me to see Captain O——, a poor old man whose life has been most unfortunate. I've just received this card from him." And a card was placed in my hands, on which, in piteous terms, the writer besought the doctor to come and see him and not let him die.

We walked together to one of the wretched places of the city, and going down a flight of steps came to a door of a wretched basement. The exterior was enough to give one the horrors, but, the inside! Words fail to describe it adequately. Think of it, ye servants of the Christ who had not where to lay His head; ye, who clothe yourselves in fine raiment and fare sumptuously every day; ye, who profess to be His followers and to believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, think of it! Here was a den not fit for your dog; worse than any wickiup or wigwam of the most degraded Indian of the most degraded tribe on this continent. I never saw a more despicable and wretched hole for human beings whom we class as civilized, than this place into which we now entered. Here to the right is an Irish woman busy at the wash-

tub. To the left is a tiny stove, around which are hung a number of the wet clothes; from one side of the stove comes out an old, stooping, gray-haired man, coughing with the effort to greet us. His face, when we can see it, bears the marks of refinement; indeed, he would be a benignant-looking, venerable old man if he were well dressed and in *your* home, gentle reader. He used to be well-to-do; was a good, moral man. Never smoked, chewed, drank or gambled, and yet one misfortune after another followed him until he was brought low. His first wife died; his daughters "married well" and forgot their father from whose loins they sprang. He married again, and unfortunately discovered soon after the step was taken that he had tied himself to a drunkard. Degradation followed poverty, until now he was "dying like a dog" at 60 years of age, in this place not fit for a respectable dog to kennel. The room was not more that 6x10 feet, and was fully four feet below the level of the yard, where the miasmatic-breeding pools of stagnant water blinked at one through the dirty window. I stepped into the bedroom, just large enough to hold a bed. It was almost as dark as night, yet I soon saw the rags that constituted the covering. The poor old fellow said pathetically, "I'm half eaten up by hundreds of fleas, and I can't sleep in such a place." Then, stepping back to the kitchen, the old man held up a crust of dry bread—two-thirds of a small loaf—and said: "That's my fare for to-day," and then, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he mournfully exclaimed: "Oh! doctor, for God's sake tell some of these Christian people to come and see after me, and don't let me die like a dog in this wretched hole." And die he assuredly must, and soon

too, unless speedy help be given. Suffering from tuberculosis, sitting within a foot's distance of damp and steaming clothes, insufficiently clothed and fed, without the opportunity of sleep, how can such a poor miserable being live. Still he clings to life. Life is sweet to him as to you, and yet in this great and wealthy city he is allowed to die in such conditions.

Mrs. S——, 63 years of age, has been a widow for fourteen years. I found her in a basement, the kitchen so dark as I entered that I could see no one to own the voice that saluted me. An alley ran by the side of the small window, but an immense wall shut out all the light. Here was a stove upon which the wash-boiler stood, for washing was going on—the poor woman's chief means of subsistence. She was full of genuine aches and pains, in head, limbs and lungs. The doctor said but a short time ago she was entirely prostrate and in bed for weeks. I stepped into the dark, dingy bedroom, and wondered to myself how it was possible for anyone in sickness ever to get well when confined in such a place. And yet the old lady was cheerful and trustful. She seldom if ever complains. Her religion is a real comfort, and she finds her joy in looking forward to a "home in heaven."

About the first of March of last year a letter was received, somewhat as follows, from a poor woman whom the doctor had before relieved:

"DEAR DOCTOR:—Please come and see me. I am sick in bed, and have lost the use of my legs. I think I've got dyptheria. I haven't any coal, and there is nothing to eat in the house. Baby is sick and I'm left alone. Please come and see me."

When the doctor arrived at the wretched place this

woman called "home," she found it a miserable, dark, damp basement. There was no coal, no fire, and not a particle of food in the house. The woman had a four week's old baby by her side on the wretched mattress that served as bed. The babe was sick unto death; the woman herself had partial paralysis of the lower extremities and was suffering from a diphtheritic sore throat. To add to her misery, her drunken husband after cruelly beating her had left her, and with another child of two years of age to care for, there she lay, uncared for, unattended, forgotten, left to die in her wretchedness and misery, in a Christian city, a city which offers inducements to the world to come to her great exposition, a city which boasts her eloquent preachers and sanctified men and women. The doctor got coal from the county, gave her medicines until the death of the baby and her own recovery, and then upon making a later visit, learned that the brutal "husband" had returned, promised amendment, over-persuaded his wife, and they had gone to the South Side, where they were soon doubtless again buried in the slums of that quarter, and where my friend lost all trace of them.

Mrs. P——, left a widow some years ago, without means. Her son managed to support her, until at the age of sixteen he died. Is now perfectly destitute, and afflicted with rheumatism. Her desire is to get enough help to be able to rent a few rooms, furnish them, and then earn her livelihood by taking in roomers, for she is able to do such light work as caring for rooms.

Here is a place, clean and neat though humble and poverty-stricken, where two maiden souls have knit themselves together to help make their poverty more endurable. As we enter, we are met by the the sad face

of one of the women, who tells us that her companion is down in bed "sick with typhoid pneumonia." They can't afford a doctor, so she is being as well cared for as poverty-stricken love can care for her; but, "poor soul! she worries her life out, lest we should lose the little bit of work we have, for I can't attend to it and attend to her! You see, for weeks we've not had any work, and we'd hard work to keep body and soul together, and now, just when the work comes in, she goes and takes down sick. It's awful hard!" The patience and bravery and fortitude of these two women struggling hard with poverty, determined to be "honest" women in spite of all things, and to die if needs be in the conflict, would put to shame the Christianity of many of the ordinary women of our Christian churches. They are full of a moral heroism that deserves a crown of laurel, for with brave hearts they struggle on, determined to win, and win they will if they have to die to do so. With words of good cheer my friend bade them hope on: "Behind each cloud the sun is shining!" "Keep quiet, dear! You'll soon be well," said she, turning to the poor faded woman lying in a burning high fever on her humble bed, and with a wan smile the sufferer thanked her visitor for her kind words, that to me in such a place, had I not known the pure, genuine heart of the speaker, would have sounded like the sarcastic mockery of cant.

In the "workshop" there were several bundles of unfinished "pants" waiting to be sewed. These are sent, all cut out, and these women have to cut the trimmings for them, make them up, sew on the buttons and finish them ready to be worn for the noble sum of 21 cents. To aid a poor old woman worse off than them-

selves, they let her put on the bands, and for this they pay her 7 cents a pair. This leaves 14 cents for cutting and fitting the trimmings, basting together the material, sewing, pressing and finishing, and they furnish their own thread. In receiving and delivering the goods they have to pay expressage, and so, often, to save this item of expense they arrange to walk to the store and carry the work they have done. If the store cutter has failed to give out the right materials, rather than run the risk of losing the work by making complaint, they make the loss good; and whilst this does not occur often, it occurs often enough to be counted as an item of expenditure.

What wonder that with insufficient nourishment and overwork, one is overpowered and lays at the door of death with typhoid pneumonia, and the other suffers from weak eyes induced by the same causes.

Mrs. B——, a woman in consumption, with one daughter 15, one son 12. Husband killed about three years ago on the railroad, where he was employed. Steady, sober, industrious, home-loving man. In spite of three years of destitution the home still bears many traces of his care for his family. The woman is yet young, being not more than 35, and yet she has buried eleven children. "Being Americans," to use her own words, "although my husband earned $125 a month, we lived right up to it and never thought of a rainy day." Two months after the cruel death of the husband she gave birth to a child. Then came the death of another of her children, soon to be followed by the death of the baby. The three were then left alone. The girl was compelled to stay home to care for the mother, and the lad earned, until last Christmas, $10 a

month, since when his employers, knowing his kindness to his mother, have raised his wages to $15. The girl can sometimes leave her consumptive mother and go and earn a little. The rent is $6 or $7 a month, the lad earns $15. This leaves $8 *a month* for fuel, food, clothing and medicine (for the afflicted woman must have medicine) for three persons. Think of the variety of food, the luxuries that may be purchased for a family of three from $8 a month! Just enough for cigar money for some young men! About pay for the beer of others!

And this would be the state of affairs in this poor home were it not that help has been given from kindly friends, one of the circles of the King's Daughters, the fair members of which may God bless in their good work.

These cases can be multiplied by hundreds of others, as the reports of all the relief societies abundantly testify.

It is not our intention to enter into a discussion of the causes of poverty. The reformer must seek these himself. We simply call attention to the facts and urge that they demand speedy action for their remedy, on the basis of the Golden Rule of Christ.

Saloons and Their Habitues.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also."
—*Habakkuk,*

"I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who sell it and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime. All you have to do is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing. And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank—I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol." —*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

"This traffic lies at the center of all political and social mischief. It paralyzes energies in every direction, it neutralizes educational agencies, it silences the voice of religion, it baffles penal reform, it obstructs political reform."
—*New York Tribune.*

OF this many headed saloon monster much has been written in newspapers, magazines and books—much has been said on platform and pulpit, before the bar and on the bench, and yet it is

unquestionably true that "not half has ever been told." It is almost an impossibility to exaggerate the evils of this fearful business. Whatever may be the opinion of the individual reader as to the propriety of taking a glass of beer, wine or spirits, when one feels like it, there can be but one opinion as to the demoralizing effect of the open saloon.

It is an astounding fact that in Chicago alone there are about 5,600 saloons. Place these saloons side by side and on each side of the roadway, giving each saloon a width of front of twenty feet, and you would have one vast street of saloons reaching over TEN MILES IN EXTENT.

Many licenses for saloons are granted where the city officials could refuse to grant them if they so desired. Indeed, it may be affirmed here, as the Rev. Thomas Dixon once declared of the Excise Board in New York: "It is perfectly safe to say that if the devil himself should apply to the board for a license to set up a branch establishment of hell on the children's playground in Central Park, it would grant it."

Let us look at a few figures in regard to the saloon interest in this city. Our estimates are carefully made, and we will verify and defend them if challenged.

For the year ending March 1, 1891, the expenditure for beer in this city alone was not less than FORTY MILLION DOLLARS! $40,000,000!!

The population is about 1,200,000. This gives an average expenditure *for beer alone* of $33.25 for every man, woman and child in Chicago, and these results are gained after the most conservative figuring. This would give over fifty-three gallons of beer to be consumed by each man, woman and child in the city.

Now, when it is considered how many people there are who never touch the stuff, it is easy to perceive that somebody has a large cargo of beer annually to carry.

We are told that Germany is a great *beer* drinking country, and yet the official statistics for 1888 show that in Germany only twenty-five gallons per capita were drunk. Our estimate for Chicago shows more than double that per capita. Shame on Chicago for such a showing!

Let us look now and see what this immense sum of $40,000,000 annually spent in beer might do for this city if wisely expended. It would supply to 40,000 Chicago families an income of $1,000 a year, or over $83 a month.

Where would our Chicago poverty be if 40,000 families were each spending in legitimate trade $83 a month? Workmen would be in demand and business would so increase as to make Chicago in ten years the leading city on this continent.

But suppose we were to expend the beer money in educational purposes. We could build fifty new school houses, with manual training in each one of them, for *all* the children of Chicago, free; give more teachers in proportion, open more free kindergartens for the little ones, and publish free text books, and do all this without collecting a single cent of school tax, and keep it up for four years on the amount wasted in beer alone for one year. Think of it! Vastly increased school accommodation and no taxes for four years, and yet Chicago's sons and daughters—citizens—fool the money away in froth and dirty water.

TWO MILLIONS OF BARRELS of beer each year are

thus consumed, at an expenditure of $40,000,000. Take this money and spend it directly in building beautiful new homes for the workingmen of this city, and what should we see?

FOURTEEN THOUSAND commodious cottages built at a cost of $2,500 each, on lots which, bought in acreage in a suburban district, could be deeded to the workingmen at $180 each, and these, together with a check for another $180, given to each family to help in furnishing the houses they owned. What an aggregation of domestic happiness in home life, and all for the money spent in beer for ONE YEAR ALONE.

Now, if Chicago's expenditure for *beer only* amounts to $40,000,000 we may safely say that for all kinds of intoxicating beverages, including wines and distilled liquors, Chicago spent last year upwards of EIGHTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. Is there any limit to the great good that could come to the city with this amount expended in proper channels?

If in the year 1891–2 *only*, this vast amount of money were expended as follows, what a city the world would be able to aze upon in 1893 when the World's Fair is opened:

In street improvements	$10,000,000
The great waterway	18,000,000
Double the water supply	12,000,000
Double the school accommodation	10,000,000
New public library with immense additions and improvements	5,000,000
Public baths, model tenement houses for the poor and other improvements	10,000,000
Fine art building	5,000,000
Total	$70,000,000

And there would still be left $10,000,000 for "incidentals," or to help Uncle Sam build a new city post-office.

Take the directory and see what a vast difference there is in the number of other businesses in Chicago, compared with this great saloon business, whose chief products are drunken men and women, whoremongers, prostitutes, murderers, thieves, tramps, bums, vagabonds, ward politicians and general all-around scoundrels. And yet this is the business we allow to exist in our midst because, forsooth, we can't find just the men we want to represent us in politics. Why don't the sensible, intelligent men of this city sink every other interest in the effort to crush out of existence this vile and demoralizing business, and then, whilst we don't believe the millennium would dawn on Chicago, we are sure that so much wretchedness and poverty would disappear as to make it a heaven to many whose existence in it now is a continual hell.

For in dealing with the figures of this colossal evil we have necessarily been confined to the actual cost, but how about those expenditures of money, energy, time, character, manhood, womanhood, etc., that cannot be estimated? How about the increased number of criminals and increased police force required to care for them, as the outcome of this accursed business? How about the great cost of accidents which occur directly through liquor, such as fires, injuries to the person, etc.?

How about the cost in the loss of work and wages of men ruined by this business?

How about the increased cost of the large number of paupers made so through drink?

How about the cost in the reducing of the effic-

iency of men through their slavery to this fearful habit?

How about the vast amount of disease and predisposition to crime inherited by children as the result of their parents' dissipation?

How about the cost in human lives shortened and wasted by this traffic?

These costs can never fully be known until the day of judgment, when the whole of this infernal traffic will be banished to the hell to which it belongs, and from whence it sprang.

That the saloon interest in Chicago is opposed to law, order and the due protection of its citizens, is proven most conclusively by the action of the saloon men when under Mr. Onahan's collectorship an attempt was made to pass an ordinance in which the following points were sought to be secured:

1. No license to be granted a saloon to locate within 200 feet of any school, church or hospital.

2. No one person or firm to be granted more than one saloon license.

3. No licenses should be granted unless a majority of the property owners of the block gave their consent.

4. No minor should be served with liquor, even for home consumption, unless by written request of parent or guardian.

Strong speeches were made on the side of this ordinance (which included other good points) but the saloon element defeated it. The *Tribune* and other papers spoke highly in its favor, but that didn't alter the votes of the seven brewers or saloonkeepers in the council, who themselves violated parliamentary law by voting on a resolution which directly affected their business.

The attorney for the brewers said: "If the first named restriction were imposed some two to three hundred saloons would be closed and their license money lost to the city, thus crippling the city government."

Look at this infamous statement! Between two and three hundred saloons in Chicago within a distance of 200 feet of schools, churches or hospitals. Infamous, indeed! If Chicago's city government cannot be run without putting these trap-doors to hell directly in front of the pathway of our boys and girls as they go to and from school—if the city government cannot raise its finances in some less devilish way than this, we think all true men will say the sooner we have a new mode of government the better.

The Chicago saloon to-day stands, a law-defying, disorder-producing, crime-breeding power, and it will continue its aggressions until it is slain and buried with its face downwards, as the Welsh woman proposed to bury the devil, so that if it should chance to come to life again and try to scratch its way out it would only bury itself the deeper.

Nearly the whole saloon element is a law-defying element. The Brewers' Association pays the costs of all suits and defends all of its members *whether they have violated the law or not*, and thus aids these law-defying men to evade the penalties a just law would inflict upon them.

It is directly and openly charged that in the saloons of Chicago were hatched and fostered the horrible conspiracies of the anarchists, the boodlers, and the Cronin murderers, conspiracies which cost the taxpayers of this city and county hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The first serious riot that occurred in Chicago prior to 1886 was the Beer Riot of 1851 (or thereabouts), when the Germans of the North Side, infuriated by the city council raising the beer license to $100, came *en masse* in the direction of the city. They weremet by the officers of the law at one of the bridges, and in the collision firearms were discharged and several killed.

Then, too, the whole system is *Un-American*. This accursed saloon business is not in the hands of Americans. Let an American who is only familiar with his own language walk down the streets of Chicago and try and pronounce the names of the saloon-keepers, and he will find it an impossibility. What with Germans, Irish, Italians, Poles, Swedes, Russians and Spaniards, he may well wonder what foreign business this is that has intruded itself in an American city.

We distinctly charge the saloons of Chicago with being violators of the law in the following points:

They are required to close on Sunday, and yet almost without exception they keep open, and there are not enough law abiding citizens in this great city to compel an enforcement of the law.

Our chief commissioner would undertake to find a man who, in less than one year, if properly backed up, would close every saloon in this city on Sundays.

Where are the men who will back him up?

They are required *not* to sell to minors without a written order from parents or guardians sending for the beer or liquor. And yet there are positively *thousands* of saloons in this city who pay not the slightest attention to this requirement. Children of tender years are seen constantly, daily, hourly, going into saloons and bringing therefrom pails of beer.

Such an item in the columns of the Chicago press as the following, is unfortunately not rare. It exhibits the fiendishness of this traffic in one of its most hideous aspects:

"Francis Stalke, a saloon-keeper at Manheim, a small town about one mile from Franklin Park, was recently made defendant in a $10,000 damage-suit brought in the Superior Court by N. C. Williams. Stalke is charged with selling liquor to Mr. Williams' 10-year-old son, Charles, who became insensible from intoxication, nearly losing his life and becoming dangerously ill. The story related by Mr. Sims, Mr. Williams attorney, is as follows:

"Charley was a bright lad but a trifle wild. His father is a carpenter at Franklin Park, in moderate circumstances. One day Charley saw a drunken man reeling along the street, singing a wild song and apparently very happy. Strangely enough, the lad determined to emulate this delectable example. He saved up his pennies, and two weeks ago, having accumulated enough money, he started out to satisfy this remarkable ambition. He went to Stalke's saloon, a mile away, and there purchased a bottle of whisky. Some of the fiery stuff, it is claimed, the boy drank in the saloon and in the presence of witnesses, and when he left the place he was already half crazed. He half reeled, half ran away, screaming and laughing in a foolish, maudlin way. By this time it was quite dusk and the boy was lost. He staggered around for awhile in a neighborhood that is deserted, and finally dropped down across the tracks of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. Here he lay for two hours. Then he was picked up, still insensible, by a passer-by. Ten minutes later the

fast night express rushed over the spot. The lad was taken home and in his pocket was found a bottle half full of whisky. He was very ill for several days but finally recovered. Much indignation was expressed against Stalke and the Citizens' League took hold of the case, procuring the saloon-keeper's arrest for selling liquor to a minor. He pleaded guilty before the justice and a nominal fine was imposed. The boy's father, however, was unwilling to let the matter drop, and after consulting Mr. Sims the present suit was brought."

They are forbidden to harbor prostitutes, and yet one saloon in this city keeps regularly all the way from twenty-five to thirty five vile harlots, some of them ready, for a small sum of money, to dance in a perfectly nude condition before a company of men. And in hosts of the saloons special arrangements are made for the accommodation of prostitutes and their companions.

To show how saloons go hand in hand with prostitution, our commissioners report that on every hand in scores of saloons there are private compartments in which men and women go and sit, drinking beer, wine or spirits, and where, after the waiter has left the room, it may be locked and every kind of evil perpetrated.

It is a common thing for the prostitutes met on the streets to ask the man they stop to go with them to a saloon to drink beer. "They will go into one of these compartments and have a good time, and all it shall cost him shall be the beer." Once get the victim to drinking, and alone in one of these places, he is sure to be fleeced. They will pick his pocket and steal from him all they can, and when he is squeezed as dry as they alone know how to squeeze, he is led out by some dark alley and thrown into the gutter, or left there to be

finally kicked out by the "bruiser" of the saloon.

These beer halls and such like vile dens work hand in hand with the prostitutes. When a young fellow is growing "mellow" it is a common thing for one of the waiters to set a girl upon him; and the other night on Clark Street, within a block of the postoffice, a courtesan was seen propping up and dragging along a young man—apparently a respectable clerk, or something of the kind—who, however, was completely under the influence of liquor, and who had been brought by her out of one of these dens of infamy. They ascended to the rooms of one of the European hotels, many of which are nothing but vile houses of assignation where prostitutes are knowingly harbored, and he there was shut up in a room with this abandoned female. The result it needs no wisdom to foresee, or words to tell.

Look at another feature. Why don't our dry-goods merchants and grocerymen place up a sign on their establishments like most of the whiskey and beer places of this city do, informing their customers that here is the "Ladies' Entrance"? Why the need of a separate entrance for ladies? Is not this a tacit acknowledgement, and yet openly flaunted in the face of the world, that the saloon is not a fit place for men and women to meet together? A man has no hesitation in accompanying his wife, or having her accompany him to any other business place in this city; but in the saloon she must take one entrance and the husband the other.

Why is this?

It is because there is *not a single saloon* in this city into which any decent woman ought to set foot. The pictures on the walls, the horrible language of the fre-

quenters of the place—profane, vulgar, smutty—the sights too often seen, even in the best regulated places, for whiskey makes men drunk and worse than bestial in the "toniest" as well as the "lowest" of saloons—all these preclude the possibility of their being regarded as fit places for women.

But there is something more than this behind the sign "Ladies' Entrance." Watch the "ladies" who enter. Watch their actions within. See the little compartments and the easy way in which the ladies slide into these compartments with "gentlemen." See the beverages taken in by the discreet waiter—see his nod and suggestive wink toward the place as the door is shut; listen, and you will often hear the bolt draw, or the lock work. Then—ah, then!

There are many saloons in this city where scenes of this kind may be witnessed all the time. One saloon, and it is by no means the only one, in the heart of the business section of the city, seems to do a far more thriving trade in this "harlot compartment" portion of the house than over the bar, and its trade there is by no means inconsiderable. As one stands at the bar, if he turns his eyes to the other end he will there see a passageway leading off to these "cubby holes," and standing so as to be in full view are a couple or more of women who by lewd looks, winks, gestures and beckonings, etc., lure men into their dens, to debase and degrade them worse than they were before, and then send them out slinking by a "back alley."

Yes, just look at the side doors and back alleys in and out of which the frequenters of these places may slide.

Come here to this saloon. This is the front en-

trance. Now walk around the corner—here is the side entrance. Let us enter. There is a man who has spent his money and is too "mellow" to be allowed to go out at either of these entrances, so he finds an exit by the alley, which brings him out at the other side of the block.

Hell itself could not be more crafty than the saloon-keeper in designing plans to catch the unwary and get rid of him when he has lost his *value*—viz.: his hard cash.

How is it that in most of the saloons the walls are decorated (?) with lascivious pictures? "Andromache Tied to the Rocks," "Venus at the Bath," "The Sleeping Courtesan," "Our Annette," and other subjects, the chief attraction of which is the central figure of an entirely nude woman? Call them works of art if you will, they provoke comments from the drinking bystanders that must make devils chuckle with delight.

In one of the most "respectable" saloons of this city, a place where many reputable and prominent business men may daily be seen, there are pictures that would disgrace the vilest bagnio or house of prostitution in the world.

We boldly affirm, and defy truthful contradiction, that the saloon is hand in hand with the brothel—the one feeds and ministers to the other. They are twin monsters, vying with each other to see which can lead the greater number of human beings to destruction.

Another feature of the saloon business must not be overlooked. Whence the philanthropy of these men who advertise "free lunch all day," "hot soup from 11 to 2," "an egg with every drink," "red-hots all day,"

and all this generous feeding of their patrons? The grocer does not seek to induce me to trade with him by advertising free lunches, nor does the baker and candlestick maker. How is it the beer-seller is so generous and philanthropic? Let us look and see if we can find a reason, or more than one reason.

First of all, watch the bartender as he draws the beer. One of our commissioners counted the number of drinks drawn from a half barrel and counted 261, and the barrel was on tap and had been drawn from before he began to count. In a conversation with the barkeeper he asked how much the barrel held, and was told that this was but a half barrel and contained sixteen gallons.

"And how many drinks do you suppose you can get from half a barrel?"

"Oh, I haven't any idea! I couldn't tell you at all!"

"Can't you give a rough kind of a guess? You've been at this business a long time, I should imagine, and surely you can give me some kind of an idea."

After figuring awhile the answer was: "Well, it'll be about 560 drinks!"

Here was figuring with a vengeance. Had we ever ventured such a statement we should have been charged with the grossest exaggeration and wildest extravagance. So to bring the matter to reasonable compass, suppose we estimate that instead of 560 there were but 360 drinks in the half barrel. At 5 cents a drink that is a total of $18 for a half barrel, or $36 for the full 32 gallon barrel.

It must not be thought that these are the figures upon which our former estimates were based, but are

just given to show how a skillful beer-drawer can draw *in* the nickels by handing *out* the froth with a little basis of beer in the glass, so that there is plenty of margin for free lunches when the drinks are thus served.

What intelligent man would submit to be thus swindled in buying sugar or flour, or any of the necessaries of life? But in the hands of the saloon-keeper he is blind and dumb. His "manliness" will not allow him to protest against this open robbery on the part of the well dressed, white-aproned, sleek-faced gentleman (?) behind the bar, whose immaculate, diamond-studded shirt-front would lead one instinctively to exclaim, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" He is always smooth-voiced and full of pleasant words for every person, *provided* they have the cash to spend for "beverages," *but*, let the poor, besotted wretch who has lost all his cash and has nothing left but his insatiable appetite for alcohol dare to show his face, and at once the scene changes.

Many of the saloons are owned by the large brewers, whose power and influence render it an easy thing to secure a license for any abandoned scoundrel who will be a willing tool in their hands. Thus these brewer-owned saloons become the hatching places for all kinds of foul conspiracies, political and otherwise, from eggs sown there by the men in power—the brewers—who own the keepers, body, mind and soul. And these brewers often pose as public benefactors. They point with pride to their great charities and the like, forgetful of the fact that to the clear-eyed they stand as worse than highway robbers posing in the guise of philanthropists. With both hands, 364 days in the year, they rob and pillage from their victims, who are so

blinded by their devilish arts as to be willing to be thus plundered—not only, alas! of money, but of health, position, character, honor and religion. Then on the 365th day they pose as sweet angels of charity and point with glowing pride to their benevolent acts.

Other men, not content with the wicked revenues gained from the demoralization of good citizens in one saloon, establish several of their branch establishments of hell in various parts of the city, and thus by multiplying their traps capture more of the unwary.

There is a saloon under one of the newspaper offices of this city where one night about fourteen boys and girls, ages varying from 14 to 17, were seen to enter. The girls were in short dresses, and the boys without "down" on their upper lips. The keeper of this "hole," it is said, has boasted that he built a fine business structure in Chicago out of the "froth" on the beer he served.

And we are told that when the newspaper proprietors took possession of the offices above they offered him a bonus of $10,000 to relinquish his lease, but as it covers a period extending past the time of the World's Fair, he said he would not dispose of it for less than a sum which to thousands of men in Chicago would be a fortune.

In a recent number of *Our Day*, of which Joseph Cook, the indefatigable reformer, is editor, appeared the following:

"Without considering the saloon in connection with American politics, its social influence is enough to condemn it forever. As a class, saloon-keepers in our country are of the lowest characters. They are impure, profane, irreligious, vulgar, and often criminal; and their saloons are like themselves. In no place, as here—outside of the bagnio—is the atmosphere so saturated with all that is

vicious and corrupting. Here one meets with the world's filthiest characters, filthiest pictures, and filthiest conversation, because here congregate society's filthiest souls. The American saloon is the rendezvous of thieves, and cut-throats, and gamblers. Bummers, tramps, dead beats throng round them as flies around the paper prepared for their destruction. Here it is are planned our prize-fights. Here come the distributers of obscene literature to ply their wretched traffic; here come the 'boodlers' to arrange for the corruption of our elections—here in these 'Pest Holes' of infamy. Yet it is a lamentable fact that the principle patrons of the saloon are young men. Into a single saloon in Cincinnati, passed 252 men within an hour—236 of whom were young men. In New Albany, Indiana, in one hour and a half, on a certain evening, 1,109 persons entered 19 of 76 saloons, 983 of whom were young men and boys. C. H. Yatman stood on the streets of Newark, N. J., one day, and in five minutes counted 62 young men going into one saloon. He passed his watch to a friend and asked him to stand and count for thirty minutes. In that time 592 entered the saloon, most of them being young men. Yet this was only one of hundreds of saloons in that city. The two following are from Richard Morse's 'Young Men of our Cities': 'A city of 17,000 population, 3,000 young men; 1,021, over one-fourth, entered 49 saloons in one hour one Saturday night.' 'A city of 38,000 population, 6,000 young men; on a certain Saturday evening 10 per cent. of them visited seven of the 128 saloons.'

"In Milwaukee on a certain evening, 468 persons entered a single saloon, nearly all of whom were young men and boys."

We can heartily endorse all that is here said against the saloon. The sad facts stated of the effect upon young men can be equalled by Chicago statistics, for here, as elsewhere, the hellish saloon has a fearful influence over our young men.

There are many regions of Chicago which are saloon-infested to such an extent that if one were to give a tabulated list of the houses of business in order as they occur, it would be somewhat in this style: SALOON, dry-goods, bakery, SALOON, tobacco and cigars, grocery,

SALOON, dime museum, SALOON, restaurant, SALOON, shoe store, tobacco and cigars, SALOON, ticket office, SALOON, SALOON, SALOON, concert hall, SALOON, SALOON, restaurant, SALOON, tobacco and cigars, SALOON, theater, SALOON, tobacco and cigars.

On State Street, for instance, from Van Buren to the Twelfth Street viaduct, there are SIXTY-SIX (66) saloons. On Van Buren, from State to Fifth Avenue, TWENTY-TWO (22). On Fourth Avenue, in two blocks, there are TWENTY-FIVE (25). On Dearborn Street, TWENTY-FIVE (25) within two blocks. On Madison Street, from State Street to Halstead, there are SEVENTY-THREE (73). On Clark, from Polk to Van Buren, two blocks, FIFTY-TWO (52). On Cottage Grove Avenue, from 39th to 22nd, SIXTY-SIX (66). On Wabash Avenue, from 22nd to Jackson Street, THIRTY-FIVE (35). On Halstead, from Lake to Blue Island Avenue, SEVENTY-SIX (76).

Now these are merely given as samples. The districts have not been especially chosen. There may be other places equally bad, or worse. If any reader will sit and calmly contemplate what this fearful array of saloons—pestiferous distributers of moral, mental and physical ruin—really means, he will find such cause for genuine alarm as to lead him, at least, to *try* and do something to crush the whole saloon system.

We have shown that there are 5,600 saloons in this city. Look at the power in politics such figures represent. Each saloon will average three votes—one for the proprietor and two for assistants—three in all. This gives a total voting power of 16,800. SIXTEEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED VOTES cast as the vote of *one* man for *one* purpose, and that purpose the protection of

the saloon. These men have no other politics than the perpetuation of their own unholy traffic, and in determining the fitness of any man in this city who wishes office, the first, and about the only question they ask is, "Is he a friend to the saloon? If he is, vote him in! If he is not, vote him out!" And if you add to this number all those who are in trades connected with the saloon, and therefore in a measure in sympathy with it, and dependent upon it, there is such a vast voting power under the control of the business that there is no wonder it is found almost impossible to cope with it.

We hear much of men being victims to drink, but, alas! in this Christian city there are many cases that come under the observation of those who care to look for them, of women who are as absolutely enslaved by it as ever negro was enslaved in the South.

Last year, in Chicago alone, thirty-two girls and women attempted suicide in the station houses. Drink and debauchery had rendered life not worth the attempt of living to them, and it was only by the kind and loving attention of the police matrons and others that they were spared to endeavor to reform. This tells its own story.

Few girls who indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors, know the dangers to which they are exposing themselves. It is not seldom, but often, that scenes like that described by Rudyard Kipling occur, and not only in Buffalo, but in Chicago. He saw two respectable looking, refined young ladies, enter a beer-hall in the company of two young gentlemen, and he saw them all leave in a state of beastly intoxication. This same fearful thing has been seen in Chicago many times, and when a girl is in such a condition she is a prey to those

who seek her virtue. If she is alone, human bloodhoods will track her until she is where they may devour her, and truly death would be preferable to that to which such hideous fiends subject her.

In talking with one woman who has been before the magistrates of Chicago over and over again for drunkenness, and whose name is familiar to every newspaper man in the city, our commissioner learned the fact that the woman has fought desperately against her enslaving habit, and the last time she came from prison she said that when arrested she was "crazy, angry, despairing, desperate, and had thoroughly made up her mind to enter a house of prostitution, for she could no longer struggle; she must sink, sink, sink!" But kind friends met her at that time, cared for her, and now she is at work on a farm outside of the city, away from its temptations and in the home of those who will lovingly help her battle with the fierce fires of desire which consume her.

Here is a case of degradation and reform well known to some people in this city. A lady, daughter of a very eminent jurist—a prominent educator in the east—her family of the upper circles in Chicago and as well connected as any person in the city to-day, fell into the whirlpool of drunkenness. She went deeper and deeper until she became a regular street drunkard, vile and filthy and not fit to be seen. Her friends all cast her off, but one sister, who stood by her until her husband positively forbade his wife to receive the outcast at his house. It was not an unusual thing for her to be in the hands of the police, and on the last occasion of her arrest a friend of her father's, the Judge, went to the judge who was to hear her case, and stating the matter

to him asked that she be sent to the House of the Good Shepherd. When the poor drunkard was informed by the lieutenant where she was to be taken she most positively refused to go there, on the ground that she was educated a Protestant, and said she would prefer being sent to the Bridewell. Her wish was acceded to, and whilst she was in prison she was led to resolve to lead a new life. On her release she proved her resolve, and for years has been a most earnest worker for the reform of others. She has regained her lost position and her honored station, and although she never seeks to move in society circles, she knows her talents and accomplishments, now that she is perfectly reformed, give her the freedom of these circles should she ever wish to enter them. But she is more happy in doing good to those who are in degradation and sin, than in such a butterfly existence, and in that work she prefers to live, and will undoubtedly die.

In one of the down-town restaurants some month ago two "society ladies" sat in a "private compartment" taking lunch. Their menu, if written, would have been:

Wine,
Beer,
Wine,
More Wine,
And Nothing More.

On the occasion of their discovery by our commissioner the cheque signed in payment was for $4.50. They began by going there once every two weeks. At the time when this was written they were to be found in this "respectable" restaurant (connected, however, with a saloon) twice each week.

The above is a solitary instance of hundreds of such

cases occurring in Chicago from week to week, and they are not confined to one class alone. It is not only those who are born in, and surrounded by, circumstances of poverty and degradation, but amongst that class of American women—too common, alas! in Chicago—whose love of dress and finery, frivolity and excitement, are the natural result of a stifling of the God-given instincts of motherhood. They are not, nor do they wish to be, and furthermore they are absolutely determined that they shall not be—mothers. Hence, being free from the duties of home and maternity, they are driven to seek "pleasure" in a covert manner by wooing the wine-cup under the pretense of "taking lunch with a friend down town." From the excitement of the wine-cup is but a step to "flirting" with the "handsome man," who is ever alert for just such prey. The flirting naturally leads to the "appointment"—then more wine—the fall, which means the destruction of marital happiness, the utter ruin of the home, and the ever-grinding Chicago divorce mill completes the first act of this domestic tragedy.

That men are also guilty of breaches of marital faith under the guise of "business appointments down town," is so true and so well known as to call forth little comment, but, strange to say, the world covers a man with the mantle of charity, whilst upon the woman it pours out the vials of its wrath in strongest condemnation and dooms her to social ostracism.

What must be the result of such demoralizing habits? The mothers of this city are not only ruining their own happiness and that of their families, but they are entailing fearful consequences upon their children. Many boys and girls are not only born under such con-

ditions, but they suck in with their mothers' milk the desire for alcoholic stimulants, and thus a new generation of drunkards is made.

It is soon easy to discover that the bottle business of the wine and liquor, as well as of the beer, interests is on the increase, and as this trade grows, so in proportion grows the breaking up of family life, the degrading of manhood, the breaking down of womanly virtue and the destruction of all that is pure, noble and good in our youth.

One of the most demoralizing forms of the saloon business in its relation to woman is the "beer garden." Numbers of these "gardens" dot the city, and in summer time boys and girls, young men and women are enticed into them by the music and the promise of dancing, singing, romping and pleasant out-door amusement. After drinking the alcoholic beverages provided in these places, conscience and purity are readily drugged into insensibility; and then, passion and desire inflamed and clamorous, the devil's most seductive temptation, comes before them, and, too often, the night of the visit to the beer garden ends in the debauch of the house of assignation, from whence few girls ever emerge to any other than a life of continuous unchastity. Every beer garden in Chicago is an open foe to the honor of every young man, and the purity of every young girl who comes within reach of its influence.

What the saloon has done and is now doing in Chicago, and elsewhere, is well expressed by the eloquent words of an anonymous writer:

"The saloon cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness.

"It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, ex-

tinguishes natural affections, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, and blasts parental hopes, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave.

"It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life.

"It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends—and all of them paupers and beggars.

"It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imparts pestilence and embraces consumption.

"It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime.

"It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses and demands your asylums.

"It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots.

"It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims to your scaffolds.

"It is the life-blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

"It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer.

"It violates obligations, reverences fraud, honors infamy.

"It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence.

"It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring; helps the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the parricidal axe.

"It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises Heaven.

"It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine.

"It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot.

"It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation—and, unsatisfied with its havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

"It does all that and more—it murders the soul.

"It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abomination, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy."

Theaters, Concert Halls and Museums.

"The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape."
—*Shakespeare.*

"He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil."
—*Shakespeare.*

AT the outset of this chapter let it be clearly understood that with the managers of the better class of theaters, concert halls and museums, we have no controversy. They are striving to entertain and elevate their patrons, and are fairly successful. They ought to be encouraged. Their work in this direction is commended by a large section of the people, many of them church-goers and professing Christians.

But these better-class places in Chicago can be counted on the fingers of one hand, or, to be fully generous, on those of both hands.

And what of the rest?

The entertainments provided therein are a disgrace to the city. The demoralization that flows from the abominable scenes enacted upon the stage to the large crowd of boys and girls, young men and women, who nightly attend the theaters, can never be estimated. And this is not the narrow opinion of those who are

church-goers and who know little of the stage. The statements of our commissioners are borne out in most emphatic language by such an eminent actor as Mr. John Gilbert, who, in his article in the *North American Review*," thus speaks of the theater. Every word, and much stronger words, can, with perfect justice, be applied to the Chicago theater:

"I believe the present condition of the drama, both from a moral and an artistic point of view, to be a subject for regret. A large number of our theaters are managed by speculators who have no love for true art, and who, in the production of 'attractions,' consider only the question of dollars and cents. With that class it seems to matter little whether a play has any literary merit; it is sufficient if it is 'sensational' and full of 'startling situations.' Many of the plays that have been adapted from the French are open to the severest criticism on the ground of immorality. I say, as an actor, without any hesitation, that such plays have a very bad influence on nearly all people, especially the young. Some argue that, even in these productions, vice is punished in the end; but when a whole play is filled with amorous intrigue, and fairly bristles with conjugal infidelity—when, in short, all the characters are infamous, there is no question in my mind but that its influence is bad."

Our commissioners report that many boys and girls now in prison cells, learned their first lessons of the vices and crimes that have imprisoned them, in the theater. By the constant witnessing of such scenes upon the stage they became familiarized with vice to such an extent that it began to exert an unconscious influence upon them, to their moral deterioration, and finally culminated in their ruin.

There seems to be no restriction as to the age of the children allowed to see the most degrading and disgusting of performances, and in the lowest of these places it is often astonishing and pitiful to see the number of young boys and girls who are present.

That "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is as true as it is old will be readily conceded, but it does seem an awful thing that in this great, church-dotted city of Chicago the chief place of attraction to thousands upon thousands of its young people is the low theater.

In their advertising the managers clearly reveal their diabolical plans by pandering to all that is lustful in human nature. "The nude in art," also "the nude in nature," are their chief attractions. The walls of the city are placarded with announcements that call your attention to

"Latest Parisian Dancers."
"Grecian Beauties."
"Oriental Beauties."
"Gaiety Girls."
"20 Beautiful Women."
"Live Statuary."
"Creole Beauties," etc., etc.

To make money, at any and all hazards, is the first and only object of the proprietors, and to secure this they sink below the level of the brutes in the character of the exhibitions which they furnish every day of the year. The wonder is that the audiences do not revolt at these disgusting performances.

Well may the legislators of Minnesota and Pennsylvania desire legislation which will compel women to cover their nakedness, and managers of theaters to respect the decencies of civilized society, for their object seems to be to try just how little clothes a woman may wear in a stage exhibition without subjecting herself and him to arrest—the one for indecent exposure and the other for permitting it.

Sunday is the "gala day" for these damnable vice

schools. Not content with giving lessons in criminality all the week, and throwing in an extra lesson on Saturday, they are so anxious to educate the boys and girls to become vicious and criminal that they have *two* "sessions" on Sunday, one in the afternoon and another in the evening. At the latter performances it is a common thing to see on the outside a placard bearing the legend, "Standing room only."

The services of the churches on Sunday are never so crowded as are these dens! What a sight it would be to see a sign at the door of the churches, "Standing room only." The few regular attendants would be almost paralyzed by such a notice, for a crowded congregation is the exception and not the rule.

The concert halls of Chicago are mostly saloons and houses of prostitution in disguise. Men and women are attracted to them by the music, and before long the vile influences that dwell in such holes take hold upon them and drag them into the fearful vortex of dissipation and sensuality. The music is the bait which allures the victim to drink and lustful pleasures. The reports of our commissioners, who went at different times to some of the vilest of these vile dens which profess to be theaters, but are concert halls and saloons as well, are here given *in extenso*, so that the people of Chicago may *definitely* know what exists in their midst.

These reports are given almost without alteration, and the first one is by a prominent clergyman, well known in this and neighboring cities:

"Speaking of the dark places of Chicago, it is difficult to go amiss of them. They are to be found at every corner. Some display of atrocious crookedness may be seen on nearly every street. But some of these places are so foul, the manner of life—the spirit in which things are done—in these dens, is so akin to the mind of

those who have absolutely rejected *all* light, that they simply beggar description. Sam Jones, in trying to portray the perverseness of human character, said: 'Men are like some of the sticks in the southern wood—so crooked they can't lie still.' And surely, in the unrestfulness of wicked plotting and planning to allure men and women to ruin, there are those in Chicago who are never still.

"On the busiest thoroughfare of this ceaselessly busy city is a thoroughly advertised theater, where every square inch of space from basement to loft is devoted to the basest sort of vileness and thievery.

"Your commissioner, in company with a friend and fellow-worker, paid the 'quarter' demanded and entered to see the theatrical performance. As we entered the hall it was almost blue with smoke, and it required considerable grit to sit down by the side of men who were puffing out clouds of the strong-smelling vapors as if they were volcanoes in a state of active eruption.

"We listened to music, furnished by a string band, which was almost equal to that given on the street corner by the hand organ. Gave attentive ear to the so-called speeches, dialogues and songs rendered by men, and young, undeveloped girls. Much of the performance had a double meaning, a dirty *double-entendre*, and such 'touches of life' were always received by the audience with great laughter and applause.

"This performance continued, to the evident delight of the auditors, for nearly two hours. When it closed we were all urged, by one who had learned well his speech, to go upstairs into the concert hall, where a *free concert* would be given. A large number crowded the stairs to the upper rooms and we followed. Upon entering the room we found that instead of music being the attraction, beer, wine and women were the centripetal forces. The coarsest of Chicago's prostitutes were there, twenty or twenty-five in number, soliciting men to go to the bar and drink with them, or asking them if they wouldn't like to go down into the basement, buy them a bottle of beer and see the fancy dance. Questioning elicited the fact that if we each paid $1 for a bottle of beer we should receive tickets to see a VERY fancy dance called the can-can.

"We refused to be escorted by the 'ladies,' but being desirous of seeing the dance, walked down alone into the basement, and seeing a number of men chaperoned by the females who had solicited

us, enter a door, we followed. It led into a passageway, on either side of which were a number of compartments containing a table for the beer and glasses, and a few chairs. A man who evidently acted as a 'watch-dog' asked us 'did we wish to see some ladies?' I replied 'we wished to see the dance.'

"'Please step into this room,' said he, 'and I'll soon send some ladies to you.'

"We entered the room and in a few moments the 'ladies' appeared.

"Need they be described?

"They urged us to send for beer. We asked, 'Could we not see the dance on payment of the dollar *without* ordering the beer?' 'No! The only way to see the dance was to pay the dollar for the beer, and then checks would be given to us which would admit us to the can-can room.'

"We paid our money. The beers were brought, but no checks, and after drinking a few sips the ladies left us to find more congenial companions, whilst we, to use the slang of the place, were *left* to mull over the loss of two dollars blown in.'

"My friend went to the 'watch-dog' and enquired for the checks for the dance-room. He was told to go and enquire up stairs —which meant out of doors. We then went to the bar—for there was a bar in the basement as well as in the loft—and once again the checks were demanded. The barkeeper, the cashier, the watch-dog and finally the man who seemed to be the 'boss' of this 'hell' were questioned, and each one lied and shuffled until the last named gentleman (?) gave the parting shot, which was to the effect that 'there was a deal of crying over the loss of a great big dollar.' Said he, 'You wasted over five dollars of the women's time and then want your dollar back.'

"We retired, acknowledging ourselves worsted at least in one attempt at sight-seeing.

"You will say, 'Good enough! stay away from such places. It served you right!'

"We will suffer your judgment and gladly part with the dollar, if you Christian parents, moralists and objectors of any or whatever name, will abandon your supercilious, nonsensical statements that such places do not exist, and will admit that your boy and girl may be ruined by just such resorts. They are here, and here to stay!

Open day and night, Sunday and week-day, all the year round. Shameless women coming from every corner of the world to meet debauched men, whose eyes and hearts see, and want only, the vilest of vile things.

"It is nauseating in the extreme to think of and write about such things, but how shall we otherwise work for the salvation of the boys and girls, young men and women, than to expose these hidden traps which are constantly gorged with living prey—human souls—who when once entrapped are in danger of eternal hell?

"Even though we did not see the dance we saw the abominable and devilish character of the place; we ourselves were deceived and lied to, and our money taken from us under false pretences, and thus it is that the foul fiend prepares men for hell by establishing such training schools on earth as the one whose horrors we have but feebly and inadequately described."

Not satisfied with this report, knowing that only a portion of the iniquity had been exposed, we sent another commissioner who was more successful, *vide* his subjoined report:

"To this resort a visit was paid on a Saturday evening, when it was supposed everything would be in 'full blast.' To the uninitiated the outward appearance would lead to the belief that the house was a legitimate family theatre for the working man, but a visit to the interior qnickly dispelled that idea. On one side of the box office was conspicuously displayed a large-lettered sign, which conveyed the intelligence that tickets could be purchased for 10, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents, and that whole boxes could be obtained for $4.00, while seats in the same boxes could be had for 75 cents. In this case 25 cents were paid for each ticket, and our party—consisting of three men—was shown through the front door, and there informed that seats were on the second floor. Upstairs we went, and were met by an usher, who politely took us down one side of the house to a door leading, as we thought, to our seats. Handing us our checks, he informed us that we should 'go up those stairs and go along that passage-way.' As he spoke, he threw open the door, and we saw the stairs he had reference to. There were about five steps, and they led up to a passage, or, it might properly be called a scaffold. This was on a level with the tops of the wings belonging

to the stage scenes, and was so close to the ceiling that a person walking through could not do so in an upright position. At the entrance to this passage we were met by two girls, in *decollette* costume, who politely invited us, as follows: 'Won't you come downstairs and see the can-can danced by twelve *naked* young ladies?' This was a surprise to us. To be thus frankly invited, without any solicitation whatever on our part, to witness this crowning iniquity, convinced us that this disgusting performance was not a special, but a regular part of the programme. As our mission was one of inquiry, we consented, and were trippingly escorted through the passage and down a flight of stairs to the basement. This locality was divided into several rooms, and it was into one of these rooms that we were ushered. There was also in the basement a bar, which did a thriving business, having as its patrons the habitues of the place and the occasional callers and sight-seers. On our arrival in the room in which the dance was to be held, we found some ten or twelve men, most of them respectable looking, some of them young and some of them old, all in eager expectancy awaiting the arrival of the "ladies." Before they made their appearance, however, beer and other liquors were ordered, and then the collection was taken up for the benefit of the dancers. It seems a certain amount of money was required to be in hand before the dancers would appear. (It cost us in all $3.00 for our share of the expense, not including our admission fee.) As soon as the required amount was subscribed, the girls trooped in, and immediately commenced their exhibition, which consisted of a most disgusting dance, performed by over a dozen girls in a state of absolute nudity. Horror-stricken though we were, we determined to see the thing to a conclusion, and, when the dance was over, submitted, with the rest of those present, to open and personal solicitations from these abandoned women.

"Aside from the abominable exhibition, the atmosphere was close enough to cause the stoutest person unused to it to turn sick. Cigars were going in full blast and tobacco juice was freely expectorated over all parts of the room. When nothing more could be obtained from the visitors they were requested to make room for another edition of innocents.

"From there we finally found our way to the theater proper and for some time sat and looked at the 'entertainment.' From the

program we learned that the first part would be the 'grand opening,' introducing the 'entire company,' and when the curtain finally rolled up we had the pleasure (?) of seeing the 'entire company,' consisting of seven girls, two end-men in 'cork,' and three supernumeraries, seated in the regulation minstrel style. Here, as in other parts of the house, cigars and pipes were freely used, and also chewing tobacco, judging from the condition of the floor. Intermingled throughout the entire program was a mass of obscene jokes and sayings, and after listening for an hour and a half to this wretched performance, it was with a feeling of relief that we bade the house of vice flourishing under the name of 'theater,' adieu.

Is it necessary to give any further reports upon the character of these places? The one reported upon does not stand alone. There are many others and their extreme vileness is only a question of minor degree.

And yet, there are many pure-minded girls who look towards the stage of the Chicago theater as a desirable place to secure a livelihood. Let me commend to them the wise words of Mr. Clement Scott, a leading theatrical critic of London, who, in answer to a question on this line, replied:

"A woman may take a header into a whirlpool and be miraculously saved—but then, she may be drowned. If a girl knows how to take care of herself she can go anywhere; but I should be sorry to expose modesty to the shock of that worst kind of temptation, a frivolous disregard of womanly purity. One out of a hundred may be safe; but then she must hear things that she had better not listen to, and witness things she had better not see. In every class of life women are exposed to danger and temptations, but far more in the theater than elsewhere."

We charge the Chicago theaters with being the home of disgusting nastiness; and the faces of all true men and women should be resolutely set against wit-

nessing the degrading spectacles that they generally present.

In the "museums," too, all that is horrible, monstrous and deformed in the human body, is exhibited. They are catering to the morbid curiosity of the animal in human nature, and the crowds which visit them are lured there by specious and misleading advertisements, cunningly devised to draw the money from the pockets of the ignorant and debased. And yet in Chicago there is scarcely an effort being made in a corresponding line, but on a higher plane, to counteract the evil.

Another feature connected with all these atrocious places is the close proximity that exists between them and the brothel and saloon. These three form the trinity of the devil, and where one is you are sure to find the other two not far away.

Our commissioners are a unit in affirming it as their solemn conviction, fearful though it be to state it—that the evil which these vile places of Chicago engender reaches further in its influence than all the good which flows from all the sermons preached by all the pastors of all the churches of this great city.

Immoral Dives.

"We do not despise all those who have vices, but we despise those who are without any virtues."

—*Rochefoucault.*

"The beastly owners and frequenters of these places think and speak devilishness only. They incredulously sneer at manly virtue; and woman's ruin affords them a theme over which they chuckle in devilish glee and display their highest wit and choicest humor."

UNDER this head come those places which are neither saloons, theaters, concert halls, museums or houses of prostitution, and yet have no other than immoral tendencies. They are the feeders, the adjuncts to the worst of the other places of this class. Here young men are guided to the houses of death; their imaginations are inflamed by vile pictures; their minds made the receptacles of impure thoughts.

Our commissioner found several of these places. The following is substantially his report:

There are several of this kind of dives in Chicago. On one of the main streets, where thousands of people pass in a day, there is a notice of a show for "gentlemen only." The announcements clearly state that "the nude in art" is displayed. There are "Parisian girls," "opium dreams," etc., but it would take a depraved mind indeed that could fully imagine the horrors and bestiality of the pictures shown within.

Picture after picture of nude women in every kind of posture, some of which are as vilely suggestive as devilish ingenuity can make them. Everything to arouse and excite to the highest degree the fierce fires of passion in man, is cunningly and seductively placed before the young and old who enter this veritable anteroom of hell.

Not far away in a basement is another place even more vile, where boys—lads of 12, 14, and 16 years—as well as large crowds of adults, have been seen. An electric bell is kept constantly ringing to call the attention of the passer-by, and immediately his eyes go in search of the bell they fall upon large picture frames full of photographs of perfectly nude women in the most suggestive positions.

A number of notices entice him on; it is free; a sparring match occasionally is held; sporting books are on sale; a fine collection of such photographs as these; 5,000 rare, rich, racy, nude and comic pictures are to be seen inside. The victim, urged on by the passions aroused within him by the sight of these hellish temptings, goes inside. Here, as he looks at the licentious pictures, a young man of pleasant address steps up and tells him he may take his choice for 15 cents.

"Does he want anything spicy to read?" Here are all the latest works of the salacious writers of Europe and America.

"Would he like a package of 'rich' French cards?"

"No, he never heard of them. What are they?"

"Oh, they're transparent playing cards, which, when you hold them up to the light show lewd men and women in a nude condition in all kinds of attitudes.

A package is on the table labeled exactly as follows:

ONLY FIFTY CENTS.

NEW YORK RACY PACKAGE.

Don't buy this unless you want the

RICHEST PACKAGE EVER SOLD FOR

50 CENTS.

Contains all the following spicy pieces: Adventures of a newly married couple, or their wedding night secrets. A bashful man's experience on his wedding night. The nuptial night (very rich). How to fascinate. A preacher's illustration. Sparking in the dark. Peeping Tom, the Stroller. Philosophy of hugging. Two rich love letters (read two ways). Also contans

12 SPIRITED PICTURES

Exhibiting a young couple before and after marriage. How to flirt. How to kiss deliciously. A number of French secrets for both ladies and gentlemen.

Also a sample of "THE TICKLER," to please the gents.

ONLY FIFTY CENTS.

Of course the contents are bad, but in every way the package is a swindle. Its whole value is not one-half of a cent, merely consisting of two cards, upon one of which are two silly pictures, and upon the other a dirtily suggestive jingle; and a coarse sheet of paper upon which are printed even more dirtily suggestive instructions, secrets, etc.

The "padding" of the package is a small book, issued by one of the "specialists" who make it their business to trade upon the fears of the young and vicious.

And so it is with all this kind of show. The direct result of this exhibit is to send young men off to the numerous houses of prostitution which are close at hand.

Then, should contagion or other physical evil follow, the "doctor" has already put in his claim for a right to treat his newly-made patient.

Can anything be more malignant and fiendish? Could the evil one have put it into the hearts of men to more completely ruin all that is pure, and noble, and good in our boys than to do just what these men are doing?

For that what we speak is within the strictest bounds of truth, will be apparent when we further state that in one of these places we found "peep-holes" covered over with cloth, above which were the most licentiously suggestive directions. One raised the "curtain" and peeped in, and in one he was recommended to try a cigar, and in another was practically informed where he might go to gratify his evil desire.

And all this close to the heart of the city, under the observation of passers-by, every hour of every day of the year—openly, daringly pandering to the basest in man—temptingly displaying its wares of hell to the young—and with electric bell, pictures, music, etc., enticing them in.

These are but samples of others that might be just as fully described of such bestial resorts in Chicago.

Policemen walk by daily, and if they do not know, there is no excuse for their not knowing, the character of these pestiferous plague-spots.

Is there no law to reach such Augean stables? And if there is a law, are there not men in Chicago of enough moral backbone to enforce them, if the police are derelict in their duty?

We have the profoundest sympathy for the man or woman who falls, and would help continually all such

persons desirous of reforming, but for these execrable wretches, the treatment of the Mafia gang in New Orleans is too good for them. They should be flayed alive with whips of living scorpions. Vile, foul, mephitic scoundrels, with wit and intelligence enough to pander to all that is lowest and vilest in mankind—setting skilfully baited traps to catch the boys of our city, they should be treated as the venomous vipers they are, and, after a warning to desist, shot down like skunks if they ever dare to exhibit their soilure in Chicago again.

Obscene Books, Pictures and Advertisements.

"I've heard that poison-sprinkled flowers
  Are sweeter in perfume
Than when untouched by deadly dew,
  They opened in their bloom.
I've heard that with the witches' song,
  Though harsh and rude it be,
There blends a wild, mysterious strain
  Of weirdest harmony,
So that the listener far away
  Must needs approach the ring
Where, on the savage Lapland moors
  The demon chorus sing.
And I believe the devil's voice
  Sinks deeper in the ear
Than any whispers sent from Heaven,
  However soft and clear."

—*Aytoun.*

In Pompeii, when the ruins of that ancient city were unearthed, were found frescoes and pictures of a most sensual, lascivious and horrible character. Historians have strongly commented upon the fearful state of morality these frescoes and similar things evidenced, and lifted up their hands in holy horror at the debased condition of these people. Our commissioners are almost unanimous in declaring that in Chicago to-day

there are to be found many thousands of pictures, many of them publicly and freely exposed, that are nearly as bad in fact, and equally as bad in tendency, as these strongly reprobated Pompeiian frescoes.

Reader, do you take in the full significance of this statement? In Pompeii two thousand years ago the conditions of life were very different from the conditions existent here. Nudity of body, with both male and female, until the age of puberty, made contemplation of the human form a common thing to them, and therefore not such an excitant to passion as it is with us.

Nearly twenty decades of "civilization" and "Christianity" have passed since Pompeii's days of glory, and yet, *we*, the refined, the Christian nation, the "land of the free, and the home of the brave," "the leading nation of the earth," in this city which is to be the center of the world at the Exposition of 1893, *we* allow to be exposed for sale in our public windows photographs of nude women that are as dangerously suggestive as anything that ever disgraced the walls of "heathen" Pompeii.

We do not utterly and completely condemn the "nude in art," but what art is there in the photograph of a naked prostitute lying or sitting in a most suggestive position, and without any grace or beauty to commend it? Such pictures have a most dangerous tendency. They stimulate and excite the imagination, and this, by the law of reflex action, causes physical excitement and desire which sets a young man afire with unholy passion, and sends him off, in many instances, directly to the brothel.

There are now in the hands of the publisher of this book a number of these photographs purchased by

our commissioners in various *dens* of Chicago. In one of the principal streets these photographs are openly advertised on the sidewalk, where a large board has painted upon it the fact that downstairs there are 5,000 Rich, Rare, Racy, Nude and Comic pictures on exhibition and sale.

How is it that in—one might almost venture to say—seven out of every ten saloons in this city, the walls are "decorated" with lascivious pictures? In some of the leading saloons of Chicago there are paintings, skillfully executed by artistic fingers—fingers and brain alas! under the dominion of a most depraved heart, and which have no other purpose than to excite the passionate and lascivious desires of their beholders.

Talk about the degradation of ancient Babylon and Pompeii, and the licentiousness of the worship of Aphrodite in Corinth; Chicago is not one whit the better than any of these places, and it is without the brave daring of those people who openly and honestly declared their base worship, and attempted, with some show of reason, to justify it, whilst we lift up our hands in horror and condemn it, profess not to know of its existence, find fault with and ostracise any man who dares to bravely tell us of it and demand that we do our duty in seeking to suppress or cure it, and then lift up our hands to heaven, and, as Sam Jones says, "Go and say our little prayers, and read our little Bibles, and sing our little hymns, and thank God we are not as other men, for we, *we* are the people, the choice people of God."

Can any of our readers explain *why* these panderers to lust are allowed to continue in their unholy work. Is there no law which prohibits the sale of

these beastly pictures? The presence of such pictures provoke men to the most dirty and disgusting comments on womankind, and for this, if for no other reason, should be prohibited.

For men, human beings of intelligence, and oftentimes of education and what is called "refinement," to out-bestialize the beasts and bring all the powers of their minds to their detestable work of adding to the depravity of others, it is monstrous and devilish; and some means should be adopted to make at least the open pursuing of such demoralizing work an impossibility.

It can never be that men's morals can be regulated by law. However much it is to be deplored, men may tell dirty stories one to another if they choose; a man in his private room may cover the walls with vile and suggestive pictures, and no law, perhaps, can be framed to interfere with him; but in public places, such exhibitions should be sternly suppressed by law, and the promoters of them severely punished.

Another branch of this lewd picture department is found in connection with advertisements.

Various liquor manufacturers advertise their wares by using seductive placards of semi-nude women. Look into the windows of many of the saloons and you see pictures that would make you blush with shame were any pure woman by your side. Our commissioners have walked down some of the main streets of Chicago and have noted the places where these are to be found and the names of the liquors that are thus advertised, and the list is by no means small, although no very special attention has been given to this department.

Then, too, in advertising cigars, cigarettes and

tobaccos it is a notorious fact that the manufacturers have sought to outvie each other in the dirty nastiness of their suggestive designs. No doubt these fellows would meet us with the proverb, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," but where one hears—as our commissioners report—dirty, filthy comments upon the pictures provided by these firms, the "evil is thought" not by us who seek to expose it, but by those whom we say are doing this corrupting work by their lewd exhibitions. Some stores are placarded from one end to the other with tobacco announcements, many of them designed to arouse and excite evil passion.

The posters of some of the theatrical companies are not free from this same charge. So brazen and shameless has this business become, that in several cities, the law has been invoked to prohibit the posting of these indecent advertisements. They have a purpose in thus exhibiting members of their companies in slight costumes. It is a pandering to the lustful in men, whose evil hearts delight in gazing upon the half-exposed persons of the performers, attracting audiences for whom lewdness, dirty *double-entendre* and base suggestiveness are their chosen food. The *Monitor*, of Rockford, Ill., says: "Municipal authorities allow the managers or agents of variety shows, or troops of nastiness to paste in conspicuous places along public thoroughfares pictures of semi-nude and grossly voluptuous women, that suggests only sensuality to a child's mind, and which becomes a matter of conversation among themselves, breeding nothing but baseness and secret sin. Is there to be no remedy for this public method of advertising shame and insulting the virtue and purity of an innocent and injured people?"

In books too, there is much of this pandering to the vile and depraved in human nature, and Chicago seems to have a "corner" upon the authorship and production of some of the vilest books published in America. We do not refer to the reprints of the so-called classics. Rabelais, Boccaccio, Le Sage and others *may* be debatable ground, and it is not our object to enter into a discussion as to the moral or immoral tendencies of such works as Zola's.

There *may* be some argument in favor of such novels. One can admire the robustness of Fielding, even though he deplores the occasional touches of coarseness Fielding indulges in. There may be some artistic skill displayed in the younger Dumas' novels, which, in a measure, helps to palliate the lustfulness of them.

Tolstoi wrote his Kreutzer Sonata with a purpose, and its revolting pages possess at least the bravery of a true soul seeking the solution of an awful problem. But there can be no two opinions in the minds of any, as to one class of books which are openly exposed for sale, without let or hindrance, on the streets of Chicago.

When a book sets out on its title page that it is the realistic history of a street-walker, or the private life of a courtesan, and its pages are full of the minutest details of a life of vice, written in the most sensational and exciting manner, it needs no wisdom to discern that such a book has but one purpose in view, and that purpose is to so arouse the young as to send them headlong into the brothel.

Few people recognize the close connection between these things. There is a fraternity, with bonds as close as hell's power can rivet them, existing between the

brothel on the one hand, and the saloon, the lewd picture dealer, the lascivious book-maker and the sensual theater manager on the other. The four latter excite their patrons so that they patronize the brothel, and the brothel repays the assistance rendered by becoming a good customer of the saloon and the rest.

For where is the brothel without liquor? without lewd pictures on the walls? without exciting books on the tables? and whose inmates do not make of the basest theaters what the Christian woman makes of her church.

Indeed the stage of those theaters we have condemned, is the pulpit of the brothel, and its lessons are taught and lived there, and too often the stage is but the representation of its actualized lessons as found in the brothel.

Here are the advertisements—reproduced verbatim—of two books written in Chicago, published in Chicago, and sent broadcast from Chicago; books that are a disgrace to Chicago, and that the citizens of Chicago should suppress, by force if necessary:

This story is considered by many to be the most interesting and entertaining ROMANCE OF GAY LIFE ever written. There is something about it that Charms and Fascinates, and wins the admiration of every reader. The heroine is one of those WILD, RECKLESS DARE-DEVILS, that every now and then dashes upon the world like a Blazing Meteor and by Brazen Audacity and Wonderful Cheek creates a Sensation that makes her at once The Talk of the Town, and the Star of the Street. She delights in being called Wicked. Her own words, in one striking passage, tells what she is: "Mother," she said, "I will *not* go home! I will *not* be good! I will *not* reform! I will always be

"A GAY GIRL OF THE TOWN!"

The adventures of this Wild Child of the Street, as narrated in

chapter after chapter of the Romance, are Thrilling in the extreme. While under the Spell of a Terrible Enchantment the wayward creature seems really Devil-Possessed, and exhibits a hardness of Heart that a Demon in Hell could not excel. She Laughs with Horrid Glee at a Mother's awful Curse, Defies the Officers of the Law, Damns everything Good, and in every possible way endeavors to be the Wickedest Girl in ———. She Drinks, Swears, Fights, Lies, Steals, and takes pride in being Abominably Bad. Yet, underneath all there is Something Noble in this Wicked Girl. She is not as bad as she tries to make herself. The marvelously beautiful little Courtesan turns with spite and venom upon other and deeper dyed wretches, and is the means of Rescuing Innocence from Peril, and heaping Coals of Fire upon the Heads of those she hates. Some of the situations in this story are Frightful in their Fiendishness, while others are Ridiculous in their Ludicrousness. She figures prominently in every chapter, from the time she deserts her poor old broken-hearted mother to become an Outcast, to the happier termination of her Wickedness. It is a well-told tale—one that will be carefully preserved long after trashy yarns are dead and forgotten—and is destined to take Front Rank among the Great Realistic Romances of this Fast Age.

☞ IT IS THE FASTEST SELLING BOOK EVER PUBLISHED. ☜
Most Liberal Terms to Dealers. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

This is the second:

A ROMANCE CROWDED WITH WILD EXCITEMENT AND STRANGE ADVENTURE.

The story told by the author is one that relates entirely to the Night Side of ———, nearly every scene, from commencement to end, being at or near the Ghostly Midnight Hour. The characters are all taken from life, many real names being used. Every phase of City Life is depicted so truthfully as to make each chapter of the book one of Sensational Excitement. Nothing is omitted that may be seen Under the Gaslight. "The Tiger" is visited in his lair. The Scarlet Woman is pictured in her Magnificence and her Degradation. The Assignation Fiend plays a prominent part. The plot is one admirably calculated to bring out the Fiery Element in writing that has made the author famous. Every chapter contains something Hair-raising and Blood-curdling. It contains every element

of popularity as a Sensational Romance, abounding in Abductions, Street Fights, Stabbings, Shootings, Plottings against Virtue, and many more exciting themes, that cannot fail to interest those who like to read of City Life as it is. It is beautifully illustrated with full page engravings.

One of the books offered for sale, not only in secret dives, but openly on every hand, is a book as vile and as filthy as it could possibly be. It professes to give the life of a street walker and was written and published in this city. One whole chapter is devoted to the speech of a young man who is defending the institution of prostitution, and who is justifying himself for visiting a house of ill-fame. With the most specious arguments—arguments that the young men and women who read the book will greedily swallow—he not only attempts to justify his conduct in coming regularly to these houses, but in most coarse and blasphemous terms condemns those whom he says would "howl at him" were his justifications (?) and explanations made public. Then—and we pray the fathers and mothers of Chicago, to heed well what we say of this book—the old man to whom the young man is thus speaking grasps him by the hand and says: "Young man, were I your father I would say 'God bless you, my son!'" And with these words ringing in his ears the young man calls to his female partner in crime and they retire to indulge in their foul embraces.

Think of it! Such a book as this exposed openly for sale in Chicago, and openly published here, with the loud boast of the publisher on the title page that this is one of the sixteenth edition of five thousand.

Eighty thousand copies of this vile fount of pollution sold in Chicago to defile the fair sons and daughters of this city. Eighty thousand copies of a

specious argument which vicious minds repeat with glee, profess to believe, and certainly make their lives conform to, viz: that it is impossible for any young man to be chaste; that it is only human and natural for him to gratify his lustful appetite. Eighty thousand copies of a book that "damns" all those who would visit censure upon this young man for thus declaring his lustful excuses. Eighty thousand plain and clear incitements to three or four times eighty thousand of the sons of Chicago to visit the house of prostitution, and thus keep up the army of prostitutes that the book acknowledges live in this city.

There is now in the penitentiary at Joliet, a middle-aged man, who, for years, carried on the sale of obscene literature in Chicago. He was a man of education, but through the cursing influence of drink, drifted into the debasing business of distributing these abominable books. He was at one time a bookseller in this city, doing a good and apparently respectable business, but, tempted by the hope of increased gain and profit, began, and successfully carried on for a long time, the sale of obscene literature. The postoffice authorities at length secured his conviction, and he is now serving his sentence.

And yet the literature for which this man was convicted was not one whit worse than that which is now publicly sold on our principal streets.

Talk about a vigilance committee to exterminate the Mafia, and the necessity of crushing the Clan-na-Gael, and the efforts to suppress this and that evil, can there be anything that ought to call forth all the determined energies of loyal men and women, pure men and women, fathers and mothers, citizens, preachers,

laymen, reformers, philanthropists, and city officials to exterminate more than this breed of polluters of our young who make and publish such books as this? We talk of the need of cleaning our city streets and purifying our city government, which are likely to be done, but there is a moral reform work demanding attention of far greater importance; yet one and all conspire in a policy of silence about such things and tacitly acknowledge that "nothing can be done in regard to them."

The effect produced upon the young men of Chicago by this vile literature is infinitely greater for evil in the ruining of moral character, than the efforts of all the preachers of this city are able to counteract. And yet many of them go into their pulpits and roam everywhere in their thought, delivering essays on current literature, and beating the air with unmeaning words, when live, active powers of evil like these are before them, demanding attention. The work of the preacher is to expose and seek to crush all evil, and *these* evils should be a constant theme in the pulpit until the remedies are applied and our mental atmosphere is cleared as far as possible by the destruction of the sources of such pollution and ruin.

But not only should the pulpit do its duty. The obligation is upon every citizen to assist in the suppression of this vile catalogue of iniquities.

Let these statements of fact in regard to these books bring down such a storm of fierce indignation and solemn warning upon the heads of publishers and sellers that the repetition of such offenses against the good of the community will be rendered impossible.

The Social Evil.

"One of the most eminent statisticians and experts in criminal and other social statistics in the United States has given it as his opinion that *licentiousness is the most powerful cause of crime in this country.*"

—*Rev. S. W. Dike.*

"Whoso committeth adultery with a woman lacketh understanding; he that doeth it destroyeth his own soul.

A wound and a dishonor shall he get, and his reproach shall not be wiped away.

—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

"Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already with her in his heart."

—*Jesus of Nazareth.*

"The chariot wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame."

—*Carlyle.*

THE gigantic evil of prostitution in Chicago has assumed the aggressive attitude it takes in all large cities where constant vigilance is not exercised to check it. To say that it is not a grave and fearful problem, is to acknowledge one's-self ignorant of the world's past history. Men have always attempted to justify prostitution, but despite these

attempts, the world at large has never yet allowed itself to gaze upon a fallen woman without a feeling of abhorrence and pity.

In seeking this justification the woman has been ignored; her side of the question has never been considered. Solon, the great Greek, even as early as 594 B. C., established public brothels as state institutions, in Athens, for the benefit of *men*, and this same wise man decreed that "a woman who submitted to the embraces of a lover must atone for the enormity, by loss of freedom or life."

In all ages man, by his superior brute power, has compelled the weaker woman to submit to his lustful embraces. Sometimes it has been under the guise of religious rite, but generally confessed as an outlet for his uncontrolled passionate impulses. In Babylon, Armenia, Egypt, Syria, Phœnicia, Cyprus, Carthage, as well as in Greece and Rome, and even in Jerusalem, the sexual subjugation of women in the horrors of prostitution was common.

Hence has come down to us in this day of modern civilization the "dual standard of chastity,"—"what is right for man is wrong for woman!"

There are thousands of men in Chicago, who, by their lives *more* than *merely profess* to believe this horrible doctrine. Physiology emphatically denies such a foul aspersion on mankind. It is as easy for a man to be chaste as a woman. He is no more subject to uncontrollable sexual impulse than is she. Therefore the social law that renders a "fallen woman" an outcast and yet tolerates the "fallen man" is an outrage and a slander upon humanity. And this outrage is glaringly apparent in Chicago on every hand. North, West and

South Sides are infested with dens of prostitutes, and, of course, with prostitute's companions, men who are far worse than the women they visit. We extend our intensest sympathy to the majority of these women. Their lives are evil, we admit, but the extenuating circumstances are often greater than the world has any idea; their business is loathsome and hideous even to themselves; their end dreadful and tormenting. So that we pity the poor female, and would extend the helping hand to her, but we confess to no such feelings for the majority of "fallen men." And let it be distinctly understood here, that there are from seven to twelve "fallen men" to every "fallen woman." We must not count the one sex only, in our estimates of this foul evil, the other is far greater in numbers, and we believe, far greater in criminality.

Too often the woman's chief fault was her great love and perfect trustfulness in the man who betrayed her. Seduced by his specious promises, she gave all she had,—her life, her honor—to his keeping, and he foully violated the trust, and then cast her off to enter the life of shame which ends only in dishonor, disease and death.

In this great and free commonwealth of Illinois there is no law for the punishment of seduction by either man or woman. Of the need of such law the report of the Protective Agency thus speaks:

"The most painful cases in the Protective work are those of young girls who have been dishonored, outraged and seduced.

"Under the influence of some deadening drug, many a terrible assault is accomplished; few, comparatively, are reported unless pregnancy results. For the self-dependent girl to announce her shame (?) is to weight her hands and feet with lead, to take hope out of her heart, and to close the doors of *homes* to her all over the land.

"Somewhere these murderers walk unmolested; would that they bore the mark of Cain!

"In yonder hospital a young girl awaits the swift-coming birth-pangs in pitiful terror. The old story, seduction under promise of marriage—and an attempt, by *his* assistance, to destroy the fruit of sin—forsaken!

"In answer to my question, 'Why not go home?' she replied, with streaming tears, 'Oh, I dare not, I have no mother; she might forgive me, my step-mother never would.'

"And where, meanwhile, is the father of the unwelcome child resting beneath this breaking heart? In one of the most influential firms in this city, received as kindly as of yore, careless, heartless, utterly irresponsive to appeals made to him by ladies of our society, who visited him at different times to urge him to redeem his promise and marry this poor trusting girl and legitimize their child.

"'He needn't live with me if he don't want to, but I can return to my father's house if I am only married,' she said, piteously.

"And what would we say to these betrayed girls? We would say: If you have fallen—rise! If you have been plunged down an abyss—climb up! Assert your womanhood, and remember *there is in the world no illegitimate child.* Motherhood may be always holy, *if we will it so to be*, and that while God lives, none can be fatherless! Illegitimate parentage there may be, but protect your child, as you value your own immortal soul, from the sting and ostracism of an unjust public sentiment.

"And you and I, dear reader and friend, will help usher in a better day by demanding the same code of morals for men and women."

Here is a case which was taken up by the Protective Agency, and given in their last annual report:

"Another case of unusual importance was an assault case by a man named Murray, upon a young girl only just fourteen years old. The girl was adopted into a family where she had come to be an unwelcome inmate, and about the time this man became acquainted with her she was very unhappy at home. The man was married, and had three lovely children, but for years had lived a most immoral life. He was plausible in his address, and, it seems, winning

in his manners, and soon gained the confidence of the child. On a promise of taking her to visit places of interest in the city he enticed her to a hotel where he registered her as his sister. He there assaulted her. Some six weeks after, the girl's mother by questioning, found out the facts and arrested him. The case was brought to our notice after the beginning of suit in the justice court. Every annoying and odious practice was resorted to for the purpose of discouraging us from the start. After four or five continuances, sometimes running till late in the evening, we finally had the man held to the criminal court. After some consideration we decided that in view of the fact that the man had a lovely wife and some very bright children and that our complaining witness was a very young girl almost alone in the world we would not push the case in the criminal court if the man's employers would discharge him from a position he had held twenty-one years. This they declined to do and he dared us to prosecute him, alleging that the case was a conspiracy against him. The case was prosecuted and the man found that a jury of twelve good men did not consider that the evidence gave any indication of a conspiracy. He was convicted and given *twenty years* in the penitentiary. The death of the presiding judge before sentence was passed gave him a new trial, and as we had placed the girl in an excellent school we preferred to have him plead 'guilty' and take three years in the penitentiary rather than subject so young a girl to the odium of another trial. The girl gives us a good promise of an excellent future. She has improved so amazingly while she has been under our charge that we have every reason to believe she will become a useful and worthy woman."

It is a fact so well known to many as to excite no horror and alas! in many, no indignation, "that it is not an infrequent thing for a man to hire a young and pretty girl, ostensibly for clerical work, but *with the express purpose of debauching her*." We could give many such incidents. Here is one which shows the danger to which such girls are exposed:

A young lady from a neighboring town, clear-headed, bright, and—thank God—clean and virtuous, thought that in Chicago she could improve her financial

condition. She was a good clerk and typewriter and personally responded to *sixteen* advertisements she found in Chicago papers, inserted by Chicago business men, asking for a female typewriter. *Out of the sixteen*, FIFTEEN explicitly told her she might do their work at a salary of from $10 to $12 a week if she would submit to their embraces. Fifteen times had she to spurn these horrible proposals. The sixteenth was the honorable proposal of an honorable man which she accepted, at a salary of $5 a week. And she is still there, and is prepared to give names and full particulars under oath of the above statement, if any person is found with temerity enough to deny it.

There are many girls, however, who have not received the home-training this girl received, and who, therefore, would easily have fallen into the miry pit of sensuality. Our commissioners know of several who have yielded to such offers.

At the opening of the new building of the Woman's Refuge Mr. Ballard made the pertinent remark that if ever a plan should be needed for the detention of the evil men who have made this Home necessary, he was prepared to furnish plans for a building in which "every room should be cold as their hearts and dark as their deeds." And to this sentiment, all those who are familiar with many cases of "woman's fall," will heartily concur.

There are so many forms in which this most gigantic of evils—the social evil—manifests itself that it is impossible in these few pages to do more than cursorily touch upon them. One writer has eloquently and truthfully said:

"Impurity is about us like a cloud. It presses in-

ward at all points like an atmosphere. Its grossest forms are its fewest forms, and its creeping mist tarnishes and defaces even more than it destroys."

Col. J. L. Greene's words, uttered at a congress in Washington, apply perfectly to Chicago: "The open doors of hell stand wide to lure the footsteps of our sons into the ways of death, and to make traffic in woman's ruin; and we jostle on the streets their emissaries, who, with hellish craft and unpitying hearts lure the untaught, the unwary, the giddy, foolish girls to recruit those swiftly-thinned ranks that fill our hospitals and our potter's fields with loathsome disease and premature death, and who put into the hands of our youths and our children a literature of unspeakable depravity. The secret lust of the outwardly respectable has its unsuspected homes of sin in all our quarters; the breakers of marriage vows, men and women, masquerade in our society; the miserable poor herd in a promiscuity that makes innocence impossible and purity almost so; the low wages that make the bargains on our shop counters press upon the unnumbered army of workwomen the constant temptation to sell soul and body to supply needed comfort; and the air of the round world throbs wearily day and night with the foul speech and deadly mirth of foul minds and hearts. These things we all might see and know for ourselves, did we not try to shut our eyes to them, and draw our skirts about us, and feel that our only responsibility in regard to them is to avoid them."

Our commissioners, however, have not avoided them, and we would that with loud trumpet tones their note of warning might be heard not only in Chicago, but also through the length and breadth of the land.

There are several sections in Chicago almost entirely devoted for whole blocks, to houses of prostitution. One of these localities is known as The Black Hole, and it does not belie its name.

Lemuel Eli Quiggs in his tin-types of New York gives a description of the Bowery in that city, that perfectly applies to the Black Hole and many other less noted regions of Chicago. "In truth, it is a suggestive place, is the Black Hole. Day and night are all the same to it. It never gets up and it never goes to bed. It never takes a holiday. It never keeps Lent. It indulges in no sentiments. It acknowledges no authority that bids it remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. But from year's end to year's end it bubbles, and boils, and seethes, and frets, while the daylight lasts, and in the glare of the brighter night it plunges headlong into carousal!"

On many streets in Chicago, girls constantly lie in wait and solicit men as they pass. It is a common thing for these poor creatures to openly ply their traffic. And there are houses—ostensibly hotels—close at hand where they take their, alas! too often, willing victims. Sometimes the invitation is to take a glass of beer, and the offer to allow "privileges" if the man will pay. There are always gaudily decorated saloons and restaurants, in near proximity to the "walks" of these girls, in which there are private boxes convenient for such a purpose, where, as the girls say, "we shall be perfectly safe, for there's only the waiter to see, and he only comes when we ring the bell."

And these restaurants are places where some of the leading men of the city go and eat. Fine, elegant rooms—well fitted up—food prepared delicately; yet

they are not above being made a means of pandering to the lowest vices of mankind. They may say they know nothing of what goes on in these private compartments. "If men and women wish to eat, well and good, and they are not supposed to know—nor to care —what transpires there." Granted that this is so, then it is only another instance of the impudence of vice that it dare stalk so openly into "respectable places."

And if the saloon-keepers shall set up the same plea, we would ask them why they keep a door, with a dim light above it, in a back alley, easy of access, ready for one of these girls to enter with her companion, be he somewhat ashamed and timid?

And why is it that these girls—and God knows we pity them, oftentime far more than the men who use them—are allowed to stand at the foot of the hotel stairs, soliciting men as they pass by?

Living as they do, upon a stimulating diet, young men are almost powerless to resist when such temptations are thrown in their way. And it is not for one moment to be thought that all these girls bear a rude, repulsive look. That they may ultimately become these we know sadly too well, but in the earlier days of their evil career they look, Christian mother! just as sweet, and pretty, and demure, as your own charming and—God be thanked!—spotless daughter. This has been, and ever is, one of the constant sources of surprise to those who first engage in this work. It is not always the vicious-looking that are vicious. Fresh-looking, bright, vivacious country lasses, who have not yet begun to seriously feel the terrible effects of their awful life, are the ones who are sought for in these "city" hotel-brothels, for they are more liable to

tempt, more successful in bringing in custom, than the more practiced, but at the same time, more coarse-looking seductress.

And, father! mother! your boy is exposed to these temptations. They meet him on every hand, unless he is unusually guarded, or unusually dull.

These female seducers are not all professional prostitutes by any means. There is quite an army of shop-girls who walk our streets in detachments of one or two night after night. Our commissioners report them on every hand. Sometimes the stories of their hard lives have been learned by questioning. Working for $5 a week how could they live healthfully and clothe themselves decently. After paying two dollars a week for room and fifteen cents a meal for three meals a day there is not much left for clothing and the other necessaries of life. Poor girls, our hearts bleed for them. They are to be pitied and sympathized with. Their woes ought to commend them to the loving care of Christian fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. But instead, we crowd to the bargain counters like flocks of silly sheep, eagerly anxious to purchase the things we do not need, and yet, which sold at the low price they are, still further reduce the wages of these already almost starving work-girls. God forgive us all for our selfishness.

Many a girl working in a store in Chicago, stands at a counter all day, and then, when the shades of night fall over the business centers, walks the streets, soliciting the passers-by. There are any number of hotels where for a small sum a room may be obtained, and these poverty-stricken ones, almost driven to desperation by their wretched condition, are constrained to

use this apparently easy method for adding to their incomes.

> How awful 'tis that bread's so dear,
> When flesh and blood's so cheap.

And more awful when we contemplate that to many the only way open whereby they may purchase bread and butter is by the sale of their bodies and souls.

We have spoken of girls receiving for wages $5 a week, but there are many who are not paid even this miserable pittance. One large store in this city pays competent girls from $2.50 to $3.50 per week, and these are fair wages for ordinary counter girls. In the factories too, such fearfully small wages are paid, that the words of Annie Besant become a stern indictment of the wrong economic principles upon which our business are conducted. She says: "Our great employers build homes for fallen women, while they are manufacturing them in their factories."

It is all very well for people who know nothing of the lives of these poor creatures to say, "they should either live honest or starve, maybe drown themselves." Such a criticism upon them implies that they are possessed of the fine fibre of soul without which one will not—cannot, starve or drown one's self. There are but few Lucretius' or Virginius'. Death is not an easy thing to face, whether it be the slow process of starvation or the more rapid transit by means of knife, charcoal, or the river, and when it becomes a question of "lose your virtue or die," the number of those who will choose the latter are very few.

The wise man knew the human heart pretty well when he wrote, "Skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life," even though that life is all

vanity and vexation of spirit. For when a girl accepts a life on such conditions she knows it is but to accept that dire degradation that is worse than vexation of spirit—it is a life of wretchedness, misery and dishonor. And they accept the life because as a rule they are neither logical or far-sighted. As Dr. Andrew F. Currier says, "That it should furnish the only available means of preventing starvation in those who are willing to work, is too frequently a fact to be cast aside as mere sentiment. How can human beings live on the ridiculous wages which some forms of industry yield? This is not a pleasant table of alternatives which many a poor girl with scanty wages has to face—to beg, steal, starve, commit suicide, or turn prostitute."

Oh for men with the power of Moses, the strength of Samson, the vigor of Gideon, the daring of Elijah and the courage of Isaiah to beard the giants of sloth and selfish indifference in their dens, and with eloquent whip of persuading power lead them to make some radical reform in their treatment of these girls.

Not only is the woe of their lives cast upon us, but their souls will assuredly be required at our hands unless we seek more earnestly to do our bounden duty to them. They surely ought to be able to exchange their labor for the necessaries of life; and no system can bear the searching light of justice that does not award them this meed of their labor.

Some sections are devoted almost entirely to professional prostitutes.

On the West Side there are places where it is impossible for a man to walk at night without being openly solicited, and in passing through in the day time there are ten chances to one that if he gazes in the direc-

tion of the house windows, gaily-dressed and gaudily-painted "sirens" will seek to lure him to destruction. Some of the girls are white and some are black, but, all alike alas! have the same black purpose of heart.

In one section on the South Side there are several regions devoted entirely to houses of prostitution. In one portion there are from forty to forty-five houses. "And," in the words of the special commissioner who reports this section, "they are not wretched houses, speaking of destitution and want. Oh, no! the visitors generally come in carriages, and I have counted fourteen carriages at one time in this one block, waiting for the 'lords and masters of creation' who had gone into the 'snare of the fowler' within.

"One night, passing by here, I saw four well-dressed, well-appearing gentlemen (?) come out from a house, followed by the four girls with whom they had been having a 'good time,' and the openness of the thing seemed to be nothing extraordinary to them.

"The major portion of these houses are 'gilded palaces.' They are as elegantly decorated and elaborately furnished within as the mansions of Michigan and Prairie avenues. Fine pictures, bric-a-brac, musical instruments, elegant curtains, Persian rugs and the like, are what one here finds."

Such houses are of the "higher" class. They are places where young men, and business men too, are frequent visitors. Our commissioners have followed several of these men to their homes on the avenues and boulevards, where thcir families were doubtless altogether ignorant of their sinfulness.

Dr. T. De Witt Talmage after his tour of exploration into the haunts of vice in Brooklyn and New

York wrote "all the sacred rhetoric about the costly magnificence of the haunts of iniquity is apocryphal." This was doubtless true of the places he saw, but it is not true of many places in Chicago. There are some houses here where elegance of decoration, etc., are to be met with that would charm the most exacting "*conoscente*" and from which even disciples of Oscar Wilde might learn.

As to the patrons of these places, one of our lady commissioners, whose life for many years has been devoted to the rescue of the inmates from their fearful life of shame and ruin, thus speaks of one experience:

"In calling at one house, the housekeeper informed me that the girls were nearly all out. 'But,' said she, 'there's one girl in, but ——— is with her. He's been here *drunk* for over a week.

(The blank can be filled in by the reader to apply to a millionaire of Chicago, a man as well known as any one of the recent candidates for mayor, and a leading society man.)

"Not wishing to see this one girl, under the circumstances, I left, saying I would call again later on.

"A few hours later I returned, and as I approached the door one of the girls also came up, to whom I said, 'Can I see you and have a talk with you for a little while?'

"'Certainly,' she replied, 'Come in!'

"We entered the house, and, instead of taking me to the parlor, where I was accustomed to go and have my talks with them, she took me up two flights of stairs. I thought she was going to her own room so that we might talk alone and undisturbed, but, instead of that she gently rapped at a door. As it was opened,

I was somewhat alarmed to find it in semi-darkness. I had never been in a 'tight place' in any of my previous visitations to these houses, and thought 'surely they don't mean to entrap me,' and as I stood, the girl urged me to enter. I refused; when another girl, in an almost nude condition, came to the threshold and likewise desired me to 'Come in!'

"As she did so, I heard the voice of a man proceeding from the direction of the bed, talking in the thick, heavy, maudlin tones of drunkenness. This again alarmed me, and I drew back in horror and disgust, when the inmate of the room sought to calm my fear by saying, 'Oh that's only ——— and he's as drunk as a fool.'

"I refused to go into the room, and my guide, therefore, took me downstairs to the parlor, where, by this time, several of the girls were assembled.

"While I was talking to them the girl we had left upstairs came in. She was in an almost nude state, but was, without exception, one of the most beautiful creatures my eyes had ever rested upon. Form, figure, complexion, hair, eyes, voice and manner were alike charming, and as she seemed anxious to talk with me, the interest she aroused in my heart was met with a corresponding confidence in her manner towards me. When she learned my name and mission, she asked if I knew Miss B—— (the president of the Mission) and I then learned that her mother was a member of the same church as Miss B——, and that this poor girl, living in such abasement, had at one time been a member of the Sunday school of that church. Think of it! Here was a child whose friends lived but a few miles from where she was, and yet they were mourning her as one

'worse than dead.' And the vice that holds her in its chains is allowed to spread and grow almost unchecked. Few are the efforts being made by any one to suppress this monster evil of licentiousness, and it swallows up some of the fairest and most beautiful of our maidens.

"But I must return to my account of this man and his victims. A few days later a girl whom I had rescued a year and a half previously from her sinful life, came to my rooms in order to confer with me about taking a situation that had recently been offered to her. I thought I had seen her on the streets a few days previously with a woman of whose purity and honesty of character I had every reason to be suspicious, and, therefore, out of kindness to the girl, asked her if that was the woman who had been the means of getting her the situation. She replied, 'Yes! Mrs. ——— is a great friend of Mr. ——— (mentioning the name of the man I had found drunk in the house of prostitution) and he has offered me this place. He is very kind to young girls, and when they are poor and have no outfit, he gives it to them.'

"This only confirmed my fears as to the danger the poor child was in, and I begged her to have nothing to do with either the man or woman. She refused to accept my counsel, until, as a last resort, I told her what I knew of this man's character, and where I had found him a few days before. 'How can such a man be a true friend to you?'

"She acknowledged that it did not seem as if he could, and gladly gave up the tempting offer but where such danger lurked, in order to take a humbler but far more safe position.

"Now, perhaps, some will say, how do I know the girls didn't lie about it's being Mr.—— who was in that room?

"Let me explain. Subsequently I was in that room myself, and the girl whose beauty had so charmed me, showed me his photograph, nailed to the inner door of her wardrobe, a large, almost life-size head, and also showed me a number of handsome presents he had given her. And I thought to myself when I saw that, as I have seen other photographs of Chicago men in such vile places, 'what would their families, their churches, and society in general, say, if they knew what I know?'

"Would to God that something could be done to keep from these houses men of apparent respectability, and of family, for they at least can find no excuse for visiting these vile dens."

We agree with our commissioner. Whatever apparent reason any unmarried men may have, cannot be pleaded as an excuse for the lustfulness of married men, and in our remedies we shall suggest what ought to be done with such cases.

Do not let our meaning be misunderstood. We do not intend to convey the idea that unmarried men have any legitimate excuse for visiting harlots. We say most emphatically there is no excuse for either married or unmarried men. We asked for information on this matter from a gentlemen who used to be a cab driver in Chicago, but who is now a prominent official in one of the leading religious organizations of this city and county, and he reports as follows:

"A prominent hotel-keeper of this city once engaged me to drive to a certain house on the North Side.

Soon after we got there, he came out accompanied by a beautiful young lady. Then he told me to drive around —— Park, and said in a whisper I needn't hurry, I might take my time. After I had driven around the park several times he told me to take them to —— (mentioning a house I well knew as a high-toned assignation house). This interested me in what he wished to do. As we drove along he began to force matters with the young lady, and she scresmed so loud that a policeman ran into the road to stop me. But I whipped up my horse and managed to evade him. When we got to the house, he went inside, alone, and soon returned with the madame whom he introduced as his friend, Mrs. ——. The two then tried to persuade the girl to go inside, but for some reason or other she wisely refused. Mr. Hotel-keeper then told me to drive her home, and went off himself, when he doubtless told his wife he had been detained with very 'urgent business.'

"Another time I was standing with my cab when two well-dressed young men came to me and said they were up from a neighboring city, and were here to 'paint the town red.' They wanted me to drive them where they could get 'something young.' I took them to one of tho leading sporting houses in the city, and soon afterwards they came out accompanied by two beautiful young girls who could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. I first of all took them to the —— at that time a noted place in Chicago where most respectable ladies and gentlemen would go and sip their wine, little imagining that they were in one of the worst resorts of the city.

"After they had caroused there awhile, they asked

me to drive them out to a fancy-house on the outskirts of the city, and after spending nearly the whole of the night there in lustful pleasure, keeping me waiting all the time, the young men told me to take them back to their hotel, and the girls to the place from which I had fetched them. I did so.

"When I got to the girls' home, they were both sound asleep, and, as the early morning sun shone on their fair young faces, tears came into my eyes, and rolled down my cheeks, hardened man as I was, at the thought that young men demand the sacrifice of the lives, the bodies and the souls of such girls as these, in order that their lustful and evil passions may be gratified."

This report leads us to the next inquiry, which we must treat as briefly as possible, viz: From whence comes the great army of prostitutes? As the old ones die, where are the new ones found?

Would to God that men would ask themselves this question, and then carefully seek an answer.

Many are decoyed into such houses; more go there after being betrayed. They have lost caste, they are disgraced, and they think there is no other door open to them. Luther's words are indeed true, even to-day, three centuries after they were uttered, "This is a *hard world for girls*."

Hundreds of girls can be found to-day in this city—indeed they are passing through the hands of our commissioners daily—in private houses, Mission rooms, hospitals, and poor-house, who have been betrayed *under promise of marriage*, and then deserted by the execrable wretches who thus traded upon the too great love of a true-hearted woman.

Betrayed, soon to become mothers, cast out by friends, looked upon as sources of contamination in the Church of Christ, where they should be cared for and protected, they feel, as many of them have expressed it in words, "My womanhood was gone, and I could do no other than go to the bad." And to the bad they accordingly went, victims of a cruel and unjust social law which condemns the woman, but excuses the man.

Whoever studies this problem will be surprised to find how many girls there are who are forced into this life because of their too trustful disposition. Christian and infidel writers alike agree, for investigation compels the making of such a statement. From a recent number of a Chicago free-thinking journal, we take the following extract which eloquently expresses the above fact:

"My pen pauses. It will not move on. I cannot write of your ruin. I can only remember how you looked, an innocent girl, with your tender sweet face, your red lips and golden hair. You were seventeen then, as spotless as the lily that lifts itself on its graceful stem to the warm kisses of the glowing sun. I know how you fell. *He* paid the fine. *He* saved you from entering that fearful prison den. I can understand your gratitude. I know that you were a woman. It was so sweet to be loved. You believed in him. I understand how it came to you gradually, that he was a monster, an inhuman, heartless wretch, more terrible than a wild beast in the forest. The latter would crush your white bones, would devour you at once. This other, this horrid human vulture that fattens on the degradation of his victims, slowly drained the last bit of

innocence and purity from your woman's soul. He tired of you. You went down—down! Where else could you go? Up and down, when considered in relation to men and women are not merely relative terms.

"And when they brought you into that police court again and again, he, this man, always stepped forward and paid the fine. And again and again you were forced into the street to ply your wretched vocation; and into his coarse, brutal hand your pretty white fingers passed the shining gold. You were young and beautiful and possessed a market value, and this man, as was so coarsely said, 'was in luck.' And the great State, the mighty corporation, was in luck, too! You and thirty thousand more constituted its revenue. It lived off you—paid its officers, run its Justice shop!"

There are doubtless some who live this life because of their own wicked inclinations, but, we assure our readers that this number is far less than they could possibly imagine.

Some are driven to it as we have before shown; and Dr. Currier thus speaks of others: "I believe that women are less influenced by uncontrollable sexual desire than men. It is not usually this which is a leading motive to a life of prostitution. Many women are foredoomed to such a career. Their early training has been bad or wholly neglected; their home surroundings have been vicious. In the homes of drunkards, thieves and prostitutes, it is scarcely possible to educate children in the ways of virtue. Thousands of women go from such homes to practice prostitution, or perhaps practice it within their homes, with no consciousness of its immorality. Without a conception of morality how can there be a knowledge of its violation?"

Our cabman commissioner strikes the key-note to many a woman's ruin in the following report:

"One evening I was standing with my cab, when two well-dressed ladies stepped up to me and asked me to drive them to —— Avenue. They would not tell me the number, and I saw at once they had been drinking very heavily. We had not gone far before they became hilarious and excited, and broke all the windows of the cab. Then they began to quarrel about a diamond pin, and made so much noise that an officer came to the center of the road, stopped my horses, and, getting into the cab, ordered me to drive to the police-station, which I did.

When we arrived, the ladies were relieved of their diamonds, gold watches, jewelry and money, and were locked up in a cell where there was nothing on which to sit or lie except a bench.

"I wanted my pay, but was told by the officer in charge to be at the station the next morning, when it would be given to me.

"I appeared at the stated time, but was then informed that the ladies were released on bail and that I must get an order from them ere I could be paid. I got their address, went to the house and was admitted after considerable talk. To my painful surprise I learned that both ladies were married: one had a sweet, little baby girl, not more than six months old who had been alone all night while her mother was on her drunken spree. These ladies lived in a very aristocratic part of the city, and their neighbors would never suspect that they ever did such a thing as get drunk."

In this case they were mercifully kept from unchastity, but, in too many cases with which we are

familiar, such escapades have ended in the assignation house, the divorce courts, the life of shame, and finally, the dishonored grave.

Here is a case which was heard in one of the courts quite recently:

A white girl was found in a negro house of prostitution. She was the daughter of wealthy and respectable parents. Led astray and deserted she became desperate and reckless, and was sent to one of the rescue homes of this city, from which she escaped, to finally be arrested in this horrible den, where she was consorting with the vilest kind of negroes. Taken to the place in a state of semi-intoxication, by some man whom she had picked up on the streets, she was kept in that condition all the time she was there, and we can well imagine her horror at awaking to find herself in jail. Full of remorse, her bitterness was increased tenfold, when, on going into court, she found her mother, who had been telegraphed for. Sobbing and crying she begged the maternal forgiveness, which with true love was freely and fully given.

When our commissioner saw the girl, she was alone in her misery, in the cell of the criminal, held by the law as a witness against the keepers of the dive into whose hellish place she had been entrapped by evil machinations. There she lay on her narrow cot, sobbing piteously in her pain of body, and far worse anguish of soul, praying for death to relieve her of a life that had become painful to be borne.

Thus it is that women enter these houses. Many would flee from them, if they knew where to go to gain an honest living, where they would not constantly be taunted by reminders of their former sinful life. There

are to-day in our hospitals many poor girls, sent there diseased and wretched, who would never return to their fearful occnpation did they but know of some other place where they might go. But, without character, without friends, without money, without anything, in fact, except the desire to flee to a purer life, their pathway seems hedged in on every hand, so that a return to their old courses seems to be the only alternative for them.

Take the following words of Lyman Abbott's, change the word "man" into "woman" and in the first three ways of treating a fallen woman you have key-notes to much of the sin and misery existing in Chicago houses of prostitution.

"There are four ways of treating sinful man; four ways in which men actually do treat sinful men; the way of the wolf, the way of the bison, the way of the bee, and the way of Christ.

"When a wolf in the pack falls, all the other wolves pounce on him and tear him to pieces. And that is the way some treat a man that has gone wrong. They pull him down, tear him from shoulder to shoulder, rend him, roll his iniquity like a sweet morsel under their tongues, rejoice in his iniquity; and these are the very men who are afraid that forgiveness will tend to take away the conditions of justice, and let men go free.

"When a bison falls in his track, the bisons do not turn upon him and rend him; they leave him alone and sweep on in their course. And that is the second way men treat a man gone wrong. Put him in jail, turn the key on him, bury him in oblivion, forget him, and the great tide of life sweeps on. It is the indifference and unconcern of absolute selfishness.

"Then there is the way of the bee. When the drones get too numerous, and cannot be endured any longer, the bees turn upon them and sting them to death, and then shove them out of the hive. So long as sin is not very troublesome, leave it alone: when it takes such shape as to threaten our hive we will get rid of it, and then we will go on making our honey.

"The way of the wolf, the way of the bison, the way of the bee and the way of Cnrist.

"We have two stories in the Bible, of women taken in adultery. One in the Old Testament, through whom a javelin was thrust, and she died instantly; and again of the sinner in the New Testament to whom Christ spake the gracious words of hope and forgiveness. Which of these stories has had the greater effect in the purification of humanity? I doubt not, do you?"

"How many prostitutes are there in Chicago?"

This is a most difficult question to answer. Some years ago, the pastor of one of the leading churches of the city made the assertion that there were30,000 prostitutes in Chicago. This estimate was undoubtedly an exaggerated one; yet, had it included all those who are habitually unchaste in this city, it would have been nearer the mark than most people would imagine.

All estimates, however, must be more speculative than mathematical. We can tell how many open houses there are in certain regions. For instance, in one section there are from 40 to 45, in another about 35 to 40, and in yet another from 10 to a dozen, and so on all over the city. The number of the inmates varies. Some have two or three, others have as many as 25, and in a few cases even more.

We are perfectly safe in affirming that there are

more houses of prostitution and assignation in Chicago than there are churches. Solomon spoke of the former as "the way of hell,"—his father, David, designated the latter as "gates of heaven." Painful it is, that there are more open ways to hell than there are open gates to heaven.

The churches are open but a small portion of the week, the houses of vice never close; they are open from one year's end to another. Eternally vigilant in their soul and body-destroying work, they emphasize the Nazarene's statement that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." *They* never sleep; and thus the seductive temptations are ever kept before the sons of men.

And, alas, too many of the young and innocent are entrapped by these dragons of death, as a succeeding portion of this chapter will too sadly show.

Referring to those who are "habitually unchaste," the prostitutes themselves are very bitter against those who, for pleasure only, are walking in paths of sin. One of our commissioners writes the following:

"A startling statement is being made openly by the inmates of houses of prostitution—and we have some facts that confirm it, horrible though it be—and that is, that their "business" is being taken from them by married women; women with good homes, and apparently respectable, who, just to gratify unholy passion, give themselves into the hands of the seducers who would otherwise come to their houses of prostitution."

This statement would not have found its way into the pages of this book on the mere charge of harlots, but, unfortunately and unhappily, our commissioners

are in possession of information which goes to confirm it.

Then, too, there is a large number of shop and office-girls, who walk the streets at night, and take their company into the many assignation houses and "European" hotels, in order that they may add to the miserable pittance they receive for their legitimate labor of the day.

Hence, whilst no accurate figures can be given, there are enough of souls going down to death, and dragging others with them, to make every true man and woman in Chicago stand aghast in horror when they think of the spectacle thus presented.

There are several keepers of houses of prostitution in Chicago who have accumulated wealth. Their commercial instincts are developed to an extraordinary degree, but how fearful the character of their merchandise! They buy the bodies and souls of young girls, and sell them again for gain. To make money is their sole aim, and many a poor girl's remains lie in a dishonored grave, brought there by the "commercial instincts" of these Jezebels.

One of the most wealthy of the class in Chicago boasts her philanthropy and charity. She sneers at the petty contributions of Christian women to worthy objects, and proudly calls attention to her own donations.

Like Ahab's Jezebel she can well afford to buy up vineyards and give them away to others, when she traffics in human souls and makes wealth out of the vices of men.

These women simply profess to accept the statement of those men, lay and professional, and even ecclesi-

astical, who assert that prostitution is a "necessary evil." It is not our intention here to argue this proposition."* We simply deny it most emphatically, on any and every ground. Such a statement is neither true to nature, science or morality. All are bitterly opposed to prostitution in any and every form.

We will dismiss the matter at this time, merely introducing the following comment upon the subject taken from our cabmen commissioner's report: "Men talk about prostitution being a 'necessary evil.'

"When I was cab driving and would be standing in front of one of these houses waiting for my 'fare,' who was inside, I used to count young men by the dozen going into the places. Some of them whom I knew I have watched, and have seen them come to a sad end. I have one young man in mind now as I write, who got so low with disease that he jumped into the river, glad to end his miserable life—all caused by this 'necessary' evil. He not only threw his own life away, but threw a dark cloud over a whole family.

"Another I knew, who was as bright and promising a young man as one would see in a day's walk. I saw him go steadily down, until to-day he has lost the respect of all who knew him, and has brought the deepest sorrow over his whole family.

"Another, who came from a good family, who,

* It is the purpose of our chief commissioner to write a book upon this subject, giving the history of prostitution from the earliest ages of the world; the sexual morality of all countries and all times; the restrictive methods of license, etc., followed in Europe and elsewhere. He will discuss the question of its "necessity," and the wisdom of "licensing" it. The book will be an exhaustive study of the whole problem, and will be published by subscription. For full particulars address the publisher of this book.

poor fellow, after seeing that he could no longer master his base appetite and low desires, and, being diseased, put a revolver to his forehead, and thus ended his miserable life. These caused by this 'necessary evil.'

"What a shame that men in this enlightened age of the world will not do something to stop this evil. These places should be guarded, and every man caught going there should be severely whipped.

"If a man would realize that when he goes to a house of this kind he is as good as saying: 'I approve of this, and to-night I demand that some young girl must give up her innocent life, leave her home, and in a very short time die in a miserable and degraded state, all to satisfy my lust;' he would then see the awfulness of this 'necessary evil' and pray earnestly to be delivered from its power."

We now turn to one of the most painful phases of this whole question, and that such facts as we present *can* be true is one of the great mysteries of human life. That they are facts, is the only apology we offer for exposing them, and giving a needed note of warning.

"If ye hear without a blush
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains;
Tell me are ye fit to be
Fathers of the brave and free?"

In one of the Chicago morning papers of last February, a perfectly harmless-looking advertisement appeared, to the effect that a "gentleman wanted an American girl of from 14 to 16 years of age to do housework in return for fair wages, education in music, etc."

A widowed mother of this city, living alone with

her two daughters—one 13, the other about 16—saw this advertisement, and thinking it would be a help to her in the hard battle of life, as well as an aid to her growing girl, had the child answer it. She, poor woman, earned her livelihood by scrubbing out saloons, working in the early hours of the morning and the late night to gain the scanty pittance upon which the trio existed.

A week after the letter was written, a well-dressed, elderly gentleman called at the humble home, and on seeing the girl, grew quite enthusiastic over her. "She would just suit him; just the very kind of girl he wanted! Yes, they were poor, but if she would only please him, he would help them considerably, and they should never know poverty again! She would be a lovely girl when well dressed," etc.

It was arranged that the girl should accept the situation, and go at a later date. She was to receive $2.50 per week, be allowed to go to school, and was to have a musical education. The mother, her suspicions scarcely aroused by such an apparently fatherly man, who had quite a budget of recommendations, asked who composed his household. The reply was: "My wife is dead, and I live alone with my only daughter."

A few days later the old man came for the girl. In the meantime, the mother's suspicions had been aroused, and she rather demurred; but he assured her there could be no danger, and rather reluctantly she consented, and the girl went with him to her new home.

And now we let our commissioner relate the story exactly as it was told by the girl:

"When we got on the cars he held on to me in a way that made me feel as if everybody in the car would be looking at us. It was rather late when we got to

his house, and I found his daughter was a lady of, I should say, 30 years of age. After I'd had something to eat, she went to bed, and then the old man came to me and wanted me to sit on his lap. I told him I wanted to go to bed, and I would like him to show me my room. He said, I should occupy a room with him. 'Indeed, I'll do no such thing,' I replied."

And then, to show the unsophisticated character of the girl, she went on and recounted the dialogue which followed, in which he told her that he didn't want a "public girl," but a "nice girl," and he "didn't see why she should n't be willing to please him in this regard." The girl, in her replies, waxed indignant, and spoke in quite a loud tone, wishing to return home, whilst he urged her to be quiet, lest his daughter should hear.

Seeing he could not prevail upon the child to yield to his base purposes, he showed her to her room, where, fortunately, although she failed to lock her door, she slept in security. The next day, early, she demanded that he take her home, and after breakfast he saw her a portion of the way home.

The poor mother had spent a sleepless night, because of the absence, for the first time, of her child, was glad when she returned, and was more thankful than words can tell, after hearing her story, that no harm had come to her.

She says she would have exposed him then had she had money to do so, but what was she to do, alone and helpless.

It is for the purpose of warning young girls against answering such speciously worded advertisements that this incident is given.

We have now in our possession the following letter, which was sent by this old wretch to the girl shortly after her departure from his house.

MISS———— CHICAGO, March 5, 1891.

Have not heard from you. I told you to write after a day or two. If you thought I desired to drop you, you made a mistake. I wanted you to put a little more confidence in me, then we would both be happy. Would like to hear from you.

———————

A few days later still another letter was received, and, when our commissioner began to make inquiries, another child was found to whom he had made the same proposals, and whose parents had threatened to expose him. In one of the letters written to these latter people, he said that if any harm should come to the child, he was abundantly able to take care of her; and, furthermore, that he wanted a girl whose parents would implicitly trust him, and not worry him by any suspicions that he would not do right by the child.

This man is a large property owner in Chicago, and some of his lady tenants have learned to be afraid of him. One lady never allows him to come into her house, and keeps the door constantly bolted lest he surprise her. These facts are stated to show the general reputation the man has in the neighborhood where he lives.

Now, suppose the parents of these children referred to had been careless as to the morality of their children, as, alas! many, many parents are. His wealth would have purchased their acquiescence, and more girls would have gone to swell the ranks of the "ruined" of this great city.

This is but one of many similar cases with which

our commissioners are fully cognizant. Here is a man, himself a lawyer, fully acquainted with the law, and therefore cautious in his wickedness; an old man, past the vigor of life, and possibly incapable of criminally assaulting a young girl, and yet, who finds in debauching these children of tender years by sexually exciting them, a kind of sensual pleasure which ministers to his base and depraved appetite.

There is another man, well known to our ccmmissioners, who has corrupted eighteen young girls of the tender years of from eight to fourteen, and no one knows how many more.

He used to beguile them into his stopping-place, which was convenient for such a purpose, being near enough to the public street, and yet away from close observation, and would there tamper with them. All these children were examined by physicians, and all were found to have suffered from his bestial handling, and yet, when an effort was made to punish him by proving rape, or attempted rape, five reputable physicians of this city went upon the witness stand and swore that the wretch was physically incapable of committing a rape—he was suffering from "senile dementia." He was capable enough of performing all the onerous duties of a responsible position, requiring some activity and physical vigor, and, although the evidence of his beguiling the girls into his den and tampering with them was absolutely conclusive, it was found impossible to convict him, owing to the insufficiency of the law to deal with such cases.

The Protective Agency has repeatedly been summoned into court for the protection of little girls from brutes, who apparently have no fear of retribution.

Cannot this reproach upon our boasted nineteenth century civilization be blotted out? May it not come, that public sentiment can be developed that will force law to be executed, and if need be, amended, so that innocent girls of infantile age may not fall a prey to brutal passion.

The evil and corrupting influences of such men cannot be estimated by any of the conceptions people generally hold. Those who are fully aware of the fearful results of such tampering declare that the horrible results that accrue from this physical debasement are far worse than those of prostitution.

Prostitution is a fearful vice for a young girl to plunge herself headlong into; the woes and horrors of the whirlpool no pen can ever depict, no tongue ever tell; and yet, though a fearful perversion of a God-given and natural function, it is a normal use of the sexual organs, but in the bondage produced in the body, mind and soul by these other practices, where these organs are used *abnormally*, there is death involved from the very inception of the habit; death to everything. The body loses its power, the mind its strength, and the soul its perceptions, and nothing but the open grave of pollution and disease stands before the poor victim of such practices.

One of our female commissioners says, speaking of this foul crime against the bodies of young girls: "It should be punished more severely than the crime of murder, for it is far worse than murder. There is something cleanly and kind in the immediate taking away of a life, horrible and awful though it be, but in taking a young, innocent, tiny child—for I have heard the story from the lips of mere children of a few years

—and arousing in her the sexual instinct which should remain dormant for many years, and thus implanting in her a desire for unnatural excitement, which means death to all that is good in body, mind and soul in her; such a crime is foul and detestable beyond the power of language to express."

The necessity for some change in the law, to make it possible to punish those who seduce young girls, is painfully apparent in Chicago to those who observe.

One girl, soon to become a mother, only a few days ago, declared she did not believe there was a pure man or woman in existence. This statement was the natural outcome of the embitterment of her life caused by her betrayal and the consequent disgrace heaped upon her, because she loved much, but not wisely.

Another poor girl speaking of the man who had betrayed her, said, "I hope the Lord will forgive him. I believe he will, but I don't think I shall live long enough to do so."

If the number of illegitimate children born each year in this city was given, the figures would astonish those who read them. A visit to any of the hospitals will open the eyes of those unacquainted with the facts. Many are the poor babes born of young mothers without wedding-ring, or other name than their own to bestow upon their offspring. In the County Hospital, the Infirmary, St. Luke's, the Women's Hospital, the Erring Woman's Refuge, the Home of the Good Shepherd, and many other places, these waifs of sin and sorrow are launched into life's troubled sea, handicapped for the race before them in the very start.

Another outcome of the "social evil" is the murder of born and *unborn* infants. No statement of this

evil would be even approximately complete that failed to present the truth in regard to this latter awful, and peculiarly American, sin.

We are not prepared to give definite information exposing the horrors of the "baby-farming" system in Chicago, but, that baby-farms exist here there is no question. Of their general character all readers are doubtless aware.

The keepers of baby-farms are murderers posing as humanitarians. Their places are described by Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry as "concerns by means of which persons usually of disreputable character, eke out a living by taking two or three, or four babies to board. They are the charges of outcasts, or illegitimate children. They feed them on sour milk, and give them paregoric to keep them quiet, until they die."

In New York there is a law compelling them to register, but in Chicago the sole register of them is kept by the devil, and he keeps the account to himself; choosing that his victims shall know only the one place he sends them to in order that they may hide their shame.

There are such "homes" in Chicago, where poor, unfortunate women await the awful hour of dishonored motherhood. Their offspring fill up the ranks of the babes who have died through "inanition."

One of our lady commissioners who was investigating a case, visited one of these hell-holes, and the snappy, suspicious way in which she was received, together with the parting warning, "Never you come again!" showed that they do not court investigation, or desire that enlightened public attention should be called to them or their work.

Of the murder of "unborn" babes much might be said. Dr. H. S. Pomeroy, in his "Ethics of Marriage," makes the following fearful charge: "It would be very difficult to find a hamlet in the country, or a street in a city, where unborn children had not been destroyed by those who were bound by every law of God and man to cherish and protect them."

Again, he says: "A vast army of women have gone to early graves, and their death certificates have read 'hemorrhage,' when the word ought to have been written *abortion!* Another vast army of women who are invalids—burdens to themselves and others—ought to march under a banner bearing the same shameful and loathsome word."

These words are peculiarly true of Chicago, as of all large centers, where the desire to enjoy "society" life overmasters the natural home instincts of womanhood. Dr. Pomeroy further says:

"It must not be supposed that the physician has the most trouble with those who belong to the lower classes. These give comparatively little trouble in this way. They seldom apply to the reputable physician, and when they do they are easily refused. The real difficulty comes from so-called highly respectable people, even from leaders in social and religious movements. We never know when some one of these may not implore one of us, as a family physician, to do that which is a sin before the law of God and man; and when to the entreaty there are added the tears and pleading of a charming woman, the situation becomes embarrassing and unpleasant in the extreme. This seems an ungracious thing to say, especially as the physician is under peculiar and delicate bonds to respect

the secrets of his patrons. But the time is already past when silence could be a virtue, and it seems as though the very stones would cry out if he does not give speedy warning of the danger which threatens our social life and health."

The police records show that men and women are frequently arrested for the detestable crime of procuring abortion, but they convey only the faintest idea of its extent. The perpetrators and their victims seldom fall into the hands of the officers of justice.

O damnable fiend of lust! How hateful, how awful, how horrible thou art in thine every feature, when thy form is seen by the clear eye of purity. Thy passions are hotter than a thousand furnaces—thy cruelty more relentless than that of any Hindoo monarch—thy tortures infinitely more exquisite in their refinements of anguish than ever Spanish inquisitor or barbarous Indian inflicted—thy stealth more crafty than the sleuth-hound—thy hideousness more horrible than gaunt-eyed famine—thy swift-dealing destructiveness more sure than earthquake or volcano—thy end more to be dreaded than death in battlefield or on the gallows.

With alluring craftiness, and wisdom gained by centuries of exercise, thou liest in wait to trap and slay the fairest of Chicago's sons and daughters, and thou trailest thy serpent's slime into every path and byway of this Garden City of Lake Michigan. Would to God the men and women who sweetly move in fancied, though false security, would awaken from their sleep, and, fearlessly hunting thee in high places and low, would resolve to never rest, never cease, until thou wert for ever slain!

Massage Parlors.

"And he said unto me, Go in and behold the wicked abominations they do here. So I went in and saw."

Ezekiel viii: 9-10.

THE "massage" department of the social vice is one that has only sprung into existence quite recently. Our investigations in this line will be appalling and horrifying to those who, like ourselves, before our enlightenment, looked upon the massage parlor as a perfectly respectable and legitimate place for curative purposes.

And, of course, there are good massage parlors, where skilled operators, under professional guidance produce the most beneficial results; and, of these, we have no other than words of commendation.

But, like all things else that are good, the massage parlor has its horrible, vile, unclean and bestial counterfeit, where prostitution in the gauziest of disguises is rampant.

In one of the leading newspapers of this city almost a whole column in its Sunday issue is devoted to advertisements of massage parlors. It is not to be inferred that all parlors, thus advertised, are evil. We make no such charge, but, in order to be sure, ere any of them were denounced, our commissioners visited several and in every case with the same results.

Some of the advertisements have a clear enough

suggestion in their very wording. Why is it necessary to advertise that "this is the only Turkish bath in the United States *with lady attendants*," or, that "great care has been taken to make these parlors attractive, with *a pleasing corps of lady attendants*," or, that "*experienced lady operators* will soon bring the rosy blush of health to faded cheeks, energy and vigor to the weary, and cause the vitality of life (the blood) to tingle with pleasing sensation in every extremity of the human anatomy—quiet location, luxuriantly furnished apartments, and all the conventional accompaniments expected by first-class patronage will be extended," or, "cosy and refined massage parlors," or, another which advertises "new operators," and yet another, "operators *entire strangers to the city*."

We take the reports of our commissioners and bring them together, and this is what we find:

A gentleman desires a massage; rings the bell of the house and is ushered into the parlor, where he is courteously received by the manager or proprietor of the place, who is generally a well-dressed, pleasant-appearing lady. After a while he is requested to step into the bath parlor. His guide knocks at the door, and when opened, he is introduced to Miss Genevive, or Miss Marie, or Miss Annette, or Miss Somebody—the names themselves having the *empyreuma* of the house of prostitution around them. The room into which we enter is simply a bedroom. The young lady operator closes the door and asks her visitor whether he will have a tub-bath, an alcohol rubbing, dry massage, cocoanut oil massage or some other bath. If he prefers the tub-bath, he is told to disrobe where he is. The young lady coolly takes her seat whilst the visitor

doffs his clothes, under-linen and all, and then, throwing a blanket around him, the operator leads him to the bath tub in another room. Here, just as indifferently as if she were scrubbing clothes, this pure maiden!! scrubs the strange man down, and dries him as if he were a month's old baby.

Returning to the bedroom the visitor lies upon the bed and is rubbed down with alcohol or the dry hand of the young lady operator. Her dress is generally as simple as can be, a very short skirt, arms bare, and a waist that fits tightly to the bust, exposing every voluptuous line of the body to the eye of the man. Now, does it need much knowledge of life, and of the passions of men, to see how very easy it is for these places to be the very chamber of death to the purity of many a young man? We simply affirm what we believe no man will deny, when we say that with thousands of men, both young and old, married or single, such a place under such circumstances would excite sensual desire to such an extent that, if possible, it would be satisfied.

In some places the price of the bath does, indeed, include the body of the operator. In other and more "refined" parlors the manager of the bath is too cunning to run any such risks. She pays her operators good wages, feeds them well, pampers their every appetite, and keeps them "slick and good-looking." She receives the bath fee, and then the girls can make whatever they choose besides, she allowing them a full hour for each visitor.

And who visits such places?

Stand and watch, and to one house we will show you that a priest and a protestant minister are regular

visitants; at another, leading business men, married as well as single, are regular patrons; at another, young beardless boys who come out showing their degradation on their, as yet, unhardened, faces.

And this is going on every day in every week in Chicago, right under the very eyes of good people and they know nothing of it.

Of such papers as advertise these infamous resorts words cannot express too great contempt. They charge an extra price of ten cents a line for such advertisements, including clarivoyants, mediums, quack medicines and the like.

Why?

If a massage parlor is a regular and legitimate business, why should those who advertise such business be charged twenty-five cents a line for advertisements, when other legitimate businesses are only charged fifteen cents? There is something wrong on the face of it, and if the proprietors of such papers do not know that they are giving publication to the advertisements of harlots and abandoned women we now make the definite charge that they are, and beg them to thoroughly investigate these places before again admitting such advertisements to their columns.

It is not a rare thing to see in the columns of the daily papers, such advertisements as these:

> WANTED—A good, reliable Girl for a Massage Parlor.—Address ——— Office.

> ANY Young Lady out of employment will find pleasant work and good wages by applying at once to ———.

Hundreds of people who live in the city, and who

are well acquainted with its wiles, would see nothing at all dangerous in these advertisements; and to thousands of pure girls in the country they would present opportunities to be seized, if they were requiring a situation. But when we assure the pure and the innocent that in many of these parlors young girls—"good, reliable girls"—are required to give baths of a variety of kinds to any and all men who patronize the establishment, they will see where the danger and horror of the massage parlor lies.

Think of it! A young girl, fresh, rosy, bright, vivacious, in a bathroom alone with a lustful young man. Talk about the vileness of the worship of Venus, Aphrodite, Astarte, Mylitta and Kybele! Here is something equally bad. The bath made the pretext for the gratification of the basest sensuality.

Not long ago the keeper of one of these places applied to the matron of a mission for a girl to work in his massage parlors. The matron was unacquainted with the details of the work, and, as was her wont, asked for full information. When told that the girl was expected to bathe and massage men, as well as women, she expressed her astonishment at such a system being in vogue in Chicago, when the applicant for the girl replied that "there was nothing in that—it was as common as could be!"

The two engaged in argument; the matron seeking to show the danger to any girl, and especially to one who was morally weak, in such a position; and he, on the other hand, contending that she had a wrong view of respectability and right,—a girl would be a "woman" anywhere if she would be—"she was just as safe in his parlors massaging men as if she were

selling goods in a store." He had had one girl from the mission, and she had been "steady and good," and he wanted another. Needless to say, the girl did not go.

Here is a statement of facts which can be verified if necessary, to show how the keepers of these vile dens trade on the purity of their victims.

Not long ago, one of the Christian institutions of this city received word that a young country girl was employed in one of these places, was anxious to leave, but did not know how to get away. Help was asked for her. A young man was sent to find out what could be done. He went to the massage parlor and saw the keeper, who told him he could have a good bath. She had just received a nice, fresh girl from the country, who would suit him well. He paid the price asked, went into the bathroom, and there stood this young girl. He began to talk with her, and told her she need not be afraid of him. He would not harm her. The poor, trembling girl, realizing that he was a friend, opened her heart to him, and said she had come to the place in answer to an advertisement similar to the one given above. She was to board with the woman of the house, and at first things seemed all right, but it was only a day before she found out the real character of the house. It professed to be a bath and massage parlor, and the girls were required to give a little massage "as a blind," but the place, in reality, was a house of prostitution. There were three girls kept, and whilst the woman's husband was opposed to it, she herself would carry it on because there was "money in it." The price for a bath was $2, of which the keeper got half and the girl kept the other half. She begged the young man to do what he could

to release her from such a horrible place, and he promised that a few hours should see her once more free. He went down to the Mission, and it was arranged that at a certain hour and place he should meet the girl and bring her to the matron, who would find a home for her.

The poor girl was hysterical with joy when she found herself out of the den; and in the loving arms of the kindly Christian matron sobbed out her story. She said one man came into the bath-room, and his presence gave her a nervous chill. She went and stood by the stove, whilst he, looking at her in astonishment, asked, "What's the matter?"

"I'm chilly!" was the reply.

"But your cheeks are flushed, and red as crimson," said he, putting his hand upon hers, "and your hands are burning."

The poor girl burst into tears and, confessing her fears, threw herself upon his mercy, and the visitor, his manliness aroused by her wretchedness, endeavored to comfort her, whilst she explained that she came here under false pretenses; she was deceived. He expressed his sorrow for her and left without molesting her.

It is thought that it was this man who sent word to the religious institution that aided the girl to escape.

At another of the houses visited, our commissioner reports as follows:

"On the second floor of a down-town business block, business street, business all around, where hundreds pass daily, a sign hangs out with this inscription: 'Massage, Manicure and Chiropodist.' Knocking at the door, it was opened responsively, and an attractive, ladylike person directed us to the office, a

little dingy-looking room, about 6x12, and very poorly furnished. Here we could hear, between the pauses of the conversation, the sound of a piano out of tune, being played in a rather lively way. This was from another room, where also the sounds of men's and women's voices could be heard. We inquired if we could have 'a massage,' and were informed:

"'Yes, what kind of massage do you wish? Swedish, dry rubbing, or alcohol?'

"'What's the price?'

"'Two dollars.'

"Meantime, having signified our desire, we were taken upstairs, where we found the massage furniture to consist of a small iron cot, with mattress and blanket. In an adjacent room was a bath-tub and general washing appliances.

"And now being alone with our attendant, we thought we might make a few inquiries as to the character of the house. 'Well, is this a 'fancy' house, or is it what it is represented on the sign to be?'

"'Don't know what you mean! I know only this, that as far as *I* am concerned, no man dare approach *me*. I took up this business because I could not get enough to do as a book-keeper, and must find work of some kind, but I would be glad to get out of here if I could. I have been married. Of course, if you wish to see the 'ladies,' there are two, I will send them to you.'

"'We noticed two bold-faced, short-haired girls passing the room door and presumed these were the 'ladies.'

"'We declined, saying, 'No! but we wished to know just what was being done here.'

"'Well, we do a rushing business from early morning to late at night. We have more than we can attend to, principally amongst business men.'

"'How did you come to take this up?'

"'I wasn't able to make enough money at book-keeping (from six to seven dollars a week) to pay my way. Here I get from ten to twelve dollars a week.'

"'Doesn't this business sicken you, with all its vile associations?'

"'Yes! I am thoroughly disgusted with it, and would give anything to get a job at book-keeping or anything which would support me honestly.'

"While we were talking, a colored waiter announced that our fair conversationalist had better hurry up. 'Somebody wanted a massage.'

"We hoped that she might succeed in obtaining employment at better business; thanked her for her courtesy; and stepped out into the busy street again, wondering at the snares and devices which are laid in Chicago for 'SMART BUSINESS MEN.'"

Procuresses, Abductors, Etc.

"Your adversary, the devil, ... walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

Peter the Apostle.

THE system of "procuring" young girls for the vilest purposes obtains in Chicago to as great an extent proportionately as it does in London, Paris, or any other large city. It is simply impossible that in a brief survey of the subject more than the merest outline of the facts of the cases can be given which are in the hands of our various commissioners There are men procurers as well as women procurers, or "procuresses" as they are termed. Their methods of proceedure are many and varied. Many of the procuresses are to be found on the incoming trains, where, with practiced eye they "spot" young, fresh-looking girls from country places. It is easy for them to become acquainted with such girls, and by a line of adroit questioning they soon draw from them their destination.

"Chicago! indeed! why I'm going to Chicago! Are you going to live there, or only for a visit? Have you got a situation? Were you ever there before? Do you know anybody there?"

Oftentimes they find perfectly "green" girls who, determined to be the "architects of their own fortunes," are wending their way Chicagoward to find employ-

ment. Better and easier prey than this is not wanted. On arriving at the great depot, possibly late at night, where the whirl and confusion are sufficient to distract even the most experienced, the young girl, not knowing where to go, is easily induced by the "kind lady friend" to accompany her to her own boarding place. Here she is either forcibly detained, or drugged and violated, and, in the latter case, the first step taken, her mind filled with an awful sense of shame, and recognizing the difficulties ever placed in the way of reform, she is induced to live a life of shame.

The procuress takes her to a "fast house" where she receives her pay from the madame, and the patrons of the house are duly advised that a new, fresh girl from the country is at their service, and thus the "high character" of the house is built up and maintained.

But oftentimes the fate of the girl is more awful than this, impossible though it may seem. We have several, nay many, instances where girls have been thus entrapped, and, when once in the house, forcibly detained under lock and key until one of three things occurred—escape, submission or death.

Can it be possible to conceive a more awful fate for a girl who wishes to be pure. Incarcerated in one of these vile dens, where no cry for help is heeded, where violence is easily resorted to, what chance has a poor, inexperienced girl in the clutches of such vultures? She must bear the constant violation of her person until in desperation she sullenly submits, or she is favored by some other inmate and allowed to escape, or death puts an end to an existence which is worse than a living hell to her.

In the depots it is not an uncommon thing for the

procuresses to "be in waiting" for victims. A strange girl is soon known, and just as the one on the train was decoyed, so is she, and wakes up the next morning too often to find herself ruined and in a house of prostitution.

It is also said—but of this we confess we have but statements and many suspicious cases, but no definite proof—that there are cabmen in this city who are in league with the keepers of these houses, and when they are asked by country girls to take them to some good boarding-house or hotel they convey them to their patrons, receiving a good round sum if the girl is suitable for their purposes, and can by fair means or foul be induced to stay.

The madame of one of the most elaborate and splendid houses in Chicago told one of our commissioners that she didn't care if she lost every girl she had in the house, for she knew exactly where to go to get all the "nice, fresh, sweet girls" she wanted. The supply was greater than the demand.

The daring boldness of procuresses will be well understood when the reader learns that they have obtained visitor's tickets which gave them entrance to the wards of the county hospital at all times. Here they could spy out pretty girls, returning to health, whose presence in the county hospital gave proof of their poverty. Such as these are easy prey in their crafty hands, for, what with cajoling, persuading, promising, all under the guise of the most disinterested friendship, the poor girls, anxious to earn a living, and thankful for an easy position, are only too glad to accept their offers, and once in their clutches, it is a difficult matter to rescue them.

We are authoritatively informed that the warden of the County Hospital recently, on this very score, called in some of these regular visitor's tickets, and now demands a more careful and thorough examination into the standing of those who apply for them, and that this precaution was rendered necessary because of the discovery of the hellish work going on we have just described.

A girl, not yet 15 years of age, came up from a town in a neighboring state. She had been a clerk in a grocery store in her native town, and things not being so comfortable at home as she desired, the thought that in Chicago work could be found and an independent living made, urged the child to leave home and come here. After she had been here a few days, the weather being cold and frosty, she slipped on the curb-stone and broke her ankle. Helpless and alone, without home and money, there was but one place for her to go, the County Hospital, and thither she was sent. After awhile she was removed to the hospital at Dunning, where she remained for several months. Just as she was about to be discharged a lady (?) came, and, passing through the ward spoke to her, and asked if she wished a good position as a nurse-girl. A glowing account was given to her of the sweet and beauti ul children in their elegant home, surrounded by all refinements, and the poor child, her imagination thus worked upon, went and asked the doctor if she might be discharged. The doctor gave her the permit to leave; she was brought by the "lady" into the city; a hack met them at the depot and she was taken to a house of shame and there kept *under lock and key* for a lengthened period.

A lady commissioner visiting the house was heard by the imprisoned child pleading with another of the girls to leave her life of sin, and the final plea struck an attentive ear: "If you do get tired of this place come to us at —— and we'll care for you!" The young prisoner determined, if possible, to escape, and a few days later, her door being accidentally left unlocked, she ran out, and escaping detection, found her way to the house, where loving hearts were ready to welcome and help her. The "madame" of the house was arrested, and though the evidence was strong and clear, it was not enough to legally convict her, and she escaped the punishment she so richly deserved.

Not long ago in Harrison Street police station, a young girl found in a house of ill-fame, who appeared to be under age, was locked up. The police matron asked her, "Why she was in that horrible house?" and received an equivocal reply. No straight answer could be gained from her, until the sergeant came and demanded a true answer, which was given. In half an hour the man who had taken her to the place was found, and it turned out he had betrayed her, taken her to this place and *had been paid* for so doing, yet, in this case, as in many others, the legal difficulties in the way were such that the only sentence he received was six months in the Bridewell, whither he was sent.

Here is a case just heard before one of the courts of this city: A sleek-looking fellow took a young girl looking not older than 13 or 14 from the home of her aunt where she was living. He was on good terms with the family, and said they were but going down to see the girl's mother. Instead of taking her to her mother's, he took her to a house of prostitution on

Fourth Avenue, where fortunately they were arrested before the poor child was harmed. The judge gave the scoundrel a scathing rebuke and held him over to the criminal court in bonds of $800.

Many a wretch like this plays into the hands of the keepers of these vile houses. A girl if taken there and ruined and deserted by her "lover," is easily persuaded to remain an inmate of the house, whilst the vile reptile who took her there is well paid for his share of the proceedings.

In the *Philanthropist* for August, 1887, an article appeared, in which the writer says: "A consecrated Christian woman, prominent in work for women in one of our more distant Southern States, writes us earnestly on the painful subject of the cruel, immoral traffic in women and girls. 'In every place to which I go,' she writes, 'I visit these houses [of debauchery] and could the mothers just see what I see, oh, how much more would be done to stop this traffic in women, for I can call it nothing else!' She adds: 'One man in a neighboring city goes North and ships girls for this country—just think of it! I have been told on reliable authority that on his last trip to Chicago he brought twenty-eight. Can we do nothing to prevent this? I have seen and talked with some of these very young girls."

There is every reason to believe that a regular business of importation of French girls for immoral purposes between Canada and Chicago is carried on. We have evidence enough to show that it is a business in which quite a number of both men and women are engaged. The girls sent to this city are mainly the daughters of poor French families — growing girls,

who are not educated to fit themselves for service, and who help form that large floating population in a city with which it is so hard to deal. The procuresses readily enlist their sympathy by flattering them with promises of easy and lucrative employment, and the poor creatures are ready to accept anything which even suggests an improvement over their present wretched state of life.

We are informed—but cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement—that there exists in Montreal a regular clearing-house for these soon-to-be prostitutes. They are there instructed how to answer any and all questions which may be put to them by the "too impertinent" officials, and being generally mature-looking, are told that, in future, their ages must always be *over eighteen*.

Through the vigilance of one of the grand societies for the suppression of such vices in Chicago, several of these girls have been stopped and returned to their homes, and from them we learn that these girls, of tender years, who have been used to obey the most cruel mandates of parents and others at home, are the ones who, in the lowest Chicago brothels, submit to the most bestial practices, and exhibit themselves in them, in a manner that would put Sodom and Gomorrah and Babylon and Corinth to shame.

Three arrests have been made in connection with such cases, but each time the prosecution failed on account of the difficulties encountered. It was hard work to obtain the necessary evidence, almost impossible to prove the girls' ages, hard to find their parents, and, if found, a most arduous task to persuade them to come to Chicago from Canada to testify; more difficult still

to keep them from being bribed when brought here; and, worse of all, circumvented on every hand by a law which seems to have been framed with the express object of preventing any conviction under its operation.

M— was a French-Canadian girl decoyed from Canada to Chicago and kept in one of the houses of vice under lock and key. One of our commissioners found her, set carefully to work and finally rescued her, and to-day she is living, happily married, with a devoted husband, in one of the suburbs of this city.

Another form of this evil which is growing to alarming proportion is found in the existence of houses in which girls and boys of from 14 to 20 years of age are regularly admitted for immoral purposes. And this is by no means left to chance custom and patronage,— such as the boy who has over-persuaded a girl, and who here finds a willing landlord or landlady to aid him in his nefarious plans. Oh no! The children of darkness are far wiser in their generation than the children of light. The passions of men and women are, to these base wretches, a legitimate field from which they may reap a golden harvest, if they but sow diligently even the smallest seed. And sow they do in a most effectual manner! Pretty young misses of school-girl age are dressed up and made to look as simple and fascinating as possible, and then sent out as decoys to places of amusement: such as beer-gardens, the parks, toboggan slides, skating rinks and the like, and even to church socials. Here they come in contact with growing boys in whom the passionate fires of youth are just beginning to burn. Under a false system of education which either leaves them in ignorance of the ethics of the sexual life, or, worse still, bids them indulge in order to prove their

manhood, these lads are easy and willing prey. Once induced to visit these houses, they are readily persuaded to "call again;" inclination and passion urge them onward, and it is almost as easy to stop a brick in its downward course when hurled from a great height as it is to stop a young man who has hurled himself through the safe-guards of purity over the precipice of passion.

The girls themselves are inveigled into such houses under promise of easy work, good wages, plenty of nice clothes, and an abundance of luxurious food. For a time, the "pretty" side of the life, only, is presented to them. They are praised and feted, and called pretty, and made to feel their importance in the little circle which has just received them, until, their little empty heads turned by the flattery they have received, their imaginations skilfully excited and inflamed, and passions roused by an insidious course of carefully graded lessons in vicious pandering, given by the "madame" of the establishment, they are led to sacrifice their virtue, and this once accomplished, the poor, giddy things are completely and for ever enslaved, unless God in His mercy, or man in his humanity, rescues them.

In one sense it is not to be wondered at that these girls are so easily ensnared. Oftentimes both parents are compelled to work hard for the bare necessaries of life, and they are willing to accept any offer that seems to relieve them of some of their already overpowering burdens. The girls themselves, compelled when very young to work to help swell the family purse, repressed in all their childhood's feelings, deprived of legitimate and healthful recreation, naturally crave fun,

and this, alas! too often means some unnatural excitement or reckless amusement. This condition of mind renders them easy of approach to those who seek to lure them to destruction. These human serpents are as wary and shrewd as their creeping counterparts, with the knowledge and added intelligence of human beings. *They* are ever alert—the others are simple, innocent, ignorant and unwary. Their weaknesses are the very baits used in the traps laid to ensnare them into lives of sin, and the laws of the state are so easily evaded, and conviction so difficult to obtain, that this unholy traffic in the souls and bodies of our Chicago girls is going on daily almost unheeded, and almost as entirely unhindered.

About two years ago a Chicago city justice sent to one of our lady commissioners, and after talking over the foregoing fearful condition of affairs with her, asked her if she could not make an especial endeavor to secure legislation which would enable those justices who so desired, to punish, with a severe penalty, the wicked men and women who so traded upon the ignorance and passion of the young. Our commissioner immediately wrote to one of the state senators—the legislature being then in session—and asked him to come to Chicago for a conference. He was then personally requested to prepare such a bill, and endeavor to secure its passage, but he immediately declined, with an abrupt:

"It's no use trying! It can't be done!"

"But why not?" asked the lady.

"It would be an utter impossibility. The country members could never be made to believe that such a bill was necessary. They would say Chicago is such a

wicked city that its legislators have actually begun to imagine evils; evils so fearful that it is not possible that they exist in any other way than in their imagination, and that such a bill would only give rise to blackmail and extortion."

And there the matter was allowed to rest. But the fearful demoralizing and debauching of our young women and men still goes on, the awful facts of odious horror are still there, and the names of the justice and commissioner and senator will be given, if necessary, to responsible persons who desire to work for the removal of such a vile system from the city of Chicago.

To show the need for the full light of knowledge being poured upon the facts as they exist, it is but necessary to remind our readers that before 1886 the law of the State of Illinois allowed a girl of twelve years to consent to her own ruin. Think of it! The solons of Illinois, men of years of wisdom, men of families, husbands, fathers, brothers; these men passed a law that would protect any vile brute who assaulted a helpless girl if she happened to be twelve years of age—a time at which many girls have not even reached puberty.

In the winter of 1886, in response to the urgent appeals of hundreds of Chicago's noblest women and men, the age of consent was raised to *fourteen*, although eighteen was earnestly asked. And there it stands to-day, a disgrace and a menace to the people of this great city. Why in the name of all that is holy and good should men have a right to entangle a girl, and by cajolery and false promises seduce her, and if she be but *fourteen years* of age, *she* must bear all the burden, all the shame, all the pain, all the horror, and he get off scot free? Many girls of fourteen are mere innocent

babes as far as knowledge of evil is concerned, and yet, at that age, they may give consent to that of which they know little then, but which afterwards may mean eternal ruin. Such a law is an outrage upon manhood. The men who acquiesced in its passage deserve the pillory, and we trust the pillory of an outraged public opinion will, ere long, be the punishment of all legislators who stand in the way of making this law as it should be, and that is, abolishing the age of consent entirely. Recognizing the power of a man over a woman who believes in his love, no woman, under any circumstances, should be allowed to give her consent to the violation of her own chastity, and man, as the *stronger*, more self reliant of the two, should suffer if he allow his passion to over-master him. As it is, the woman has all the suffering, and the man escapes. This is manifestly a gross injustice.

Here is a recent case. A lad not yet 16, a girl 13. The lad enticed the girl away from her home, took her to his married sister's, and kept her there two or three days. They went for a walk each day and two or three times he induced her to yield to his desires. The law in this case is powerless to touch this vile youth. Had he been 16 years of age, his crime would have sent him to a penitentiary, but because he is under that age, he is allowed to go scot free. On the other hand a girl at *fourteen* years of age can give consent to a violation of her person. Look at this glorious consistency! A lad of sixteen is not responsible, but a girl of fourteen can be cajoled into yielding her virtue, and the scoundrel who thus persuaded her can walk out of court an "innocent person" in the eyes of the law. Call this honor! It is law, fit for the regions of the lost;

honor fit for fiends, viler than Sodom, Corinth or Babylon.

Men of Chicago, how long will you allow such things as these to exist without uttering your loud and *successful* protest against them? Change the law! Make it impossible for any woman to legally shield her person, and thus shield the man who seduces her, no matter what her age may be. The age of consent should be raised from fourteen years, not to "eighteen, but eighty," and the sooner this is done, the sooner will these foul seducers be amenable to the law for their abominable, soul-destroying work.

That we have spoken strictly within the bounds of moderation in dealing with these crimes against young girls and the difficulties in the way of punishing them will be apparent from a careful perusal of the following extract taken from the report of the "Protective Agency for Women and Children," whose grand and noble work ought to commend it to the financial aid of and moral support of every *true* man and woman in Chicago:

"Of the deepest, deadliest, most dastardly crimes committed upon young girls and children, this is not the place to speak in detail. It is here that we find the most cruel wrongs, and the greatest difficulties to encounter. The more virtuous and modest a girl is, the more she shrinks from the terrible torturing ordeal of the criminal court. Every womanly instinct of that nature which has been so outraged revolts against it. If the criminal, by any of that hocus-pocus so well known to criminal lawyers, succeeds in obtaining a new trial, it is almost impossible to induce the poor victim to appear a second time, to tell the story of her wrongs. She prefers to suffer in silence, and though we may regret, who can wonder? Not, certainly, any of those women who have sat beside these poor girls in the crowded court-room, who have heard the loathing aspersions cast upon them, who have watched the vile crowd that

gathers there, all eyes focussed on the weeping, trembling creature, friendless in that throng of strange men. If your daughter or mine stood there, the victim of so foul a wrong, would you not say, that of all places in this wide world, the place for a pure and good woman was in that torture chamber, beside that poor young girl? Would you not feel that every lady in the land should stand by her, to heal her broken heart, and lift her up out of her despair? So we feel we ought to do for all the daughters of the Heavenly Father, our sisters.

Since this chapter was put in type another fearful case of abduction has been brought to our notice. *To-day*, May 12, 1891, a white girl escaped from a house of prostitution kept on ——. This is her story as told to us. We have not yet had time to carefully investigate as to its truth, but give it as we received it.

A negro met her on the street and asked where she was going. Her reply was, she wished to go home. He said he would take her home, and at once walked with her to a place on —— avenue. The girl was pretty, and as simple as a child, and said she had no idea whatever as to the nature of the place to which she was being taken. The house was kept by a colored woman, who, seeing the childishness of the girl, determined to keep her. The man went away promising to return, but was never seen again. From that hour until she escaped to-day the girl was kept under strict surveillance. Her dresses were taken from her and cut down until the skirts only reached to the knees, so that she could not go on the streets and thus escape. During the whole of her captivity she was required to pay $20 a week for her room and board, and this had to be made from negroes and Chinamen. If she failed to make that amount she was beaten severely by the cruel "madame." Most of the men who came were drunk

and cruel to her, but if she complained she was whipped and told to hold her tongue. The child came from Germany a little over two years ago; does not speak much English, and was under age when taken to this horrible place.

Our chief commissioner has placed the case in the hands of the proper authorities, and if any punishment can be awarded to the wretched woman who keeps this vile den we shall do our utmost to have it awarded.

The man who took her to the place was undoubtedly a procurer, and thus it is that "slavery" in its worst forms takes place right under our very observation. We will take any responsible committee to this girl, so that her story may be investigated by them, as well as to the others we have reported upon.

Observations on the Making of Criminals.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

—*Paul.*

"Satan lays the snare, and children are his victims."

—*Anthony Comstock.*

CRIMINALS exist. They are born and made. Heredity, which shows itself in natural tendency, environment and education are all we need to know to determine what made the criminal.

These we shall briefly consider. Briefly of necessity, not because of the non-importance of the subject.

These pages are not written to instruct our youth in the vice and wickedness that exists in the world, but for the purpose of showing to parents, teachers and all who love the young, the dangers to which they are exposed, so that the necessary warnings may be given, and restraints properly applied.

The influence of heredity in the making of criminals cannot be too strongly emphasized. There is a growing literature upon this subject which should be carefully read by those who are desirous of helping stem the tide of evil. The history of the Jukes' family, a band of notorious criminals in New York, shows how tendency to vice is inherited. Like produces like. As

are the father and mother so are the children. Hence the necessity of working for the reform of parents as well as for the salvation of children. So often we hear the cry: "Oh! never mind the old ones, they're too far gone to do any good. Let us try and save the children!"

To save the children is blessed work, but it is not enough. The adults may yet become the parents of more children, and efforts for their reform should be persistent in order to give *the heredity of good desires* to future children. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' remark about beginning the training of children 200 years before they are born is so well known as to have become proverbial, and never was truer proverb made. But one fact in heredity has been too much overlooked, and that is, that upward *tendency*, *desire*, *aspiration* are transmittable qualities as well as those that are debasing and degrading. So that if parents of unborn children can be led to *desire* to be better men and women, their children will probably possess at birth a priceless boon—that of intense desire to rise above existent moral surroundings.

When we look at the pre-natal conditions of the criminal classes, we need not wonder that so many criminals are born. Let us suppose a hypothetical case, of which we will guarantee to find in Chicago without difficulty, a *real* exemplification for every day in the year.

A rude, coarse, drunken brute is the husband of a woman, lowly in station, perhaps, but with all the instinctive feeling of womanhood. Some night, with passions excited by drink and loose companionship, the wretch comes home and compels his wife to share his

embraces. She, poor victim, shrinks from his rude caresses in horror, and almost sickens as his hot and foul breath touches her cheek, but in fear and trembling yields her person, for she has been taught (shameful teaching) that it is her duty. Filled with horrible loathing and disgust for the vile creature to whom she is tied, she prays that conception may not take place; she uses every means known to her to prevent it, and when, after awhile, she finds that all her preventive efforts were in vain, is there any wonder that she risks even her own life to dislodge the embryonic existence that is so fearful to her. Sometimes she succeeds, sometimes she fails, and in either case, it is exceedingly improbable that her brutal husband even gives a thought to her condition when his own passions clamor for gratification.

Does it need any mental acumen, or special medical and philosophical training to fortell what the fruit of such a womb will be? Conceived in drunken lustfulness, subjected to the murderous influences of the mother, who with real murder in her heart has sought to destroy the, as yet, unformed babe, its whole embryonic existence bathed in an atmosphere of murder, lust and violence, can such a child be any other than a natural-born murderer and sensualist?

If a boy he most probably becomes a leader in the criminal classes; if a girl a queen in the brothel and den of thieves.

Much of the criminality of sensuality manifests itself even in the children of Christian parents, and our commissioners are the recipients of many sad stories from this class of our citizens. Wonder is always expressed that good parents should have evil children, and

many persons put forth these facts as proofs against the law of heredity.

To the superficial observer the criticism may seem just, but, when the facts are known, they generally only the more fully confirm the law.

Two things are largely answerable for the existence of the evil in such cases. It must be distinctly understood that ignorance of a natural law never saves the violator from punishment for its infringement. A man ignorant that fire burns is just as likely to suffer if he plays with a red-hot stove as is the man who knows all about it. So in the more hidden processes of nature involved in the wide field we cover with the word "heredity." Ignorance is no safeguard!

And now to the two things.

First, the wrong notion that Christian men and women possess as to the Bible's declaring that wives shall be subject unto their husbands. This is often pleaded by a man as an excuse for the gratification of passion at a time undesirable to his wife. The wife yields, believing it to be her duty. Offspring born of such unison naturally inherit the idea of musculine authority, combined with feminine submission.

This almost as naturally leads to the false, wicked and abominable idea held by so many people, good, bad and indifferent alike, that to the male the exercise of the sexual function when manhood is attained is absolutely necessary in some way or another.

And how is it possible that a youth born under such mental conditions can be as pure as he should be? Or a girl have so strong a feeling of her right to demand as absolute purity in her lover as he demands of

her? Both are demoralized, and therefore helped toward criminality by this false standard.

The second thing is, that Christian and educated people do not observe the natural law after conception has taken place. From the moment of the inception of a new life the body of the mother should be preserved sexually inviolate. Every infringement of this law—which all the so-called lower animals observe—means the impressment of lustful desires upon the mind and body of the unborn child, which, sadly too often, bring disaster in mature life.

So much then for heredity. We wish we might discuss this grave question further, but our limited space forbids.

Another potent factor in the making of criminals is the stand taken by the world in its judgment of the morality of man as distinguished from woman. There exists two distinct moral codes. One applies to woman, the other to man. According to the former, women who have fallen into sexual vice are cut off from society. They lose caste, and become outcast. According to the latter we do not find the same law applied. "Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura Columbas." "He forgives the ravens, reviles the doves." The man receives little or no condemnation.

We can give many such cases in Chicago of the truth of what we say. The woman is made to bear *all* the burden, whilst the "stronger vessel" escapes all inconvenience, except that caused by his own conscience, if he have any.

The effect of this monstrous and unjust law of society is to train young men to believe that the un-

licensed exercise of lustful passion is not dangerous for them. It teaches them to "sow their wild oats," it offers a premium to their lustfulness, for it makes them more "interesting" to the silly moths of society who fly around dangers.

We are thankful to record that pure men and women in this city are making a strong protest against this degrading judgment, but the number who discriminate is fearfully small, compared to what it should be.

Another method by which many criminals are made in Chicago, is the advice given by physicians to young men who have fallen into the pernicious habit of solitary vice. They are often told that the only cure for this fearfully demoralizing habit is to either marry or visit the house of prostitution. To marry is often impossible, and therefore, following the advice of his medical adviser, the young man takes the further step into degr dation and criminality by entering the snare of the harlot. These physicians, and there are many such in Chicago, should be strung up to the whipping-post and severely scourged, for they well know that the cure is worse than the disease, and that, too often, it means the retaining of the patient, for he will soon have more horrible and loathsome diseases to be treated, as the result of following the advice given.

Of the making of criminals by circulating vile books, pictures and advertisements, the display of obscene pictures on the walls of saloons, and indeed the very existence of the saloon, the licentious exhibitions at theaters, etc., we have already spoken. There are many other criminal-making appliances at work, as the earlier pages of this book show, and others we should

like to discuss, such as gambling-houses, lotteries, etc. Whilst writing this chapter a copy of "Traps for the Young," by Anthony Comstock, has been placed in our hands, which fully presents all phases of this question. We most heartily commend the book to all interested.

But, ere this chapter is concluded, we must refer to one phase of this important question that few American writers have the courage to open up, and we confess it is not without feelings of great temerity that we make the assertion, that in the play-ground and surroundings of the public school, the children of Chicago are exposed to a training that is far more dangerous in its viciousness than words can adequately express. And, whilst we shoulder the responsibility of the following statements by well-known — indeed, world-known —writers, we prefer that they should give expression to our thought rather than that we ourselves should attempt it. One says:

"For the vast majority of children, the first, and therefore most potent, outside influence, is the public school. Here are thrown together, for years, with little restriction upon, and less supervision over, their intercourse, children of both sexes; the lisping infant and the nearly grown man and woman; the refined and the common; the gentle and the brutal; the innocent and the vile; the ignorant and the knowing; the sweet, tender, pure, defenseless little souls to whom all things are yet pure, who know no guile and suspect no evil, and those in whom lust has been prematurely awakened by evil knowledge and temptation, and sin has already begun some form of spiritual death and bodily vice.

What is the result? What can we expect? For what have we provided the conditions? What father does not know how often a son's first knowledge of himself is gained from impure associates at school? What can he expect as to the quality and influence of such knowledge so derived? What mother does not have evidence, in the vile words her children use, perhaps ignorantly, that their minds and hearts are being filled with foul thoughts; that they are being

made to hear of vice they may not yet understand? It is a marvel of our time, and marks a fearful lack of a sense of responsibility for results, that tender children, well guarded at home, are turned loose in the heterogeneous crowd of the public school, and never an effort is made to extirpate or defend them against the evil influences that are as rife there as fungi in a swamp."

General Booth in his "Darkest England" gives further expression to this same fearful condition of things:

"And even the schooling, such as it is, at what an expense is it often imparted! The rakings of the human cesspool are brought into the school-room and mixed up with your children. Your little little ones, who never heard a foul word and who are not only innocent, but ignorant, of all the horrors of vice and sin, sit for hours side by side with little ones whose parents are habitually drunk, and play with others whose idea of merriment are gained from the familiar spectacle of the nightly debauch by which their mothers earn the family bread. It is good, no doubt, to learn the A B C, but it is not so good that in acquiring these indispensable rudiments, your children should also acquire the vocabulary of the harlot and the corner boy. I speak only of what I know, and of that which has been brought home to me as a matter of repeated complaint by my officers, when I say that the obscenity of the talk of many of the children of some of our public schools could hardly be outdone in Sodom and Gomorrah. Childish innocence is very beautiful; but the bloom is soon destroyed, and it is a cruel awakening for a mother to discover that her tenderly nurtured boy, or her carefully guarded daughter, has been initiated by a companion into the mysteries of abomination that are concealed in the phrase—a house of ill-fame."

In concluding this chapter let us be understood as wishing to emphasize the fact that every tolerated or glossed over evil, every wrong that exists without efforts being made to suppress it, is in itself a help towards the making of criminals.

The Agencies of Reform.

"Give me the power to labor for mankind,
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak,
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind,
A conscience to the base, and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind."

—*Theodore Parker.*

"God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed; for God was with Him."

—*Peter the Apostle.*

TO merely tabulate the various organizations that exist in our city for its purification would be to fill up several pages. The complete list can be had from any directory. There are a few societies, however, with which we are personally familiar, and of these we wish to speak without giving any lengthy account. Our purpose is to arouse a desire in the minds of our readers for further information, so that these organizations, in the future, may be more thoroughly sustained than they have been.

Every church in the city sees after some of its own poor, but the great relief organization is the Relief and Aid Society. Its work as set forth in its rules is "to aid such of the poor as through sickness and other misfortune need temporary assistance. The permanently dependent are not regarded as proper subjects of relief by this Society.

"In a general way it may be stated that the present object of the Society is, first, to assist families, who by sickness or want of employment are in temporary need of aid; second, to assist widows left with a large number of children, or widows who are sickly, whether their families be large or small, if they need assistance; third, to help old or ailing people who are nearly able to support themselves, but occasionally need a little temporary aid; fourth, to help families who are poor and have large numbers of children, and also helpless old people to support; fifth, to give to worthy poor a respectable burial; sixth, to aid the worthy to leave the city, which may be necessary for a great variety of reasons."

The number of people relieved by this Society has been very great. Its affairs are most ably and satisfactorily managed by the superintendent, Rev. C. G. Truesdell. He has been in charge since the work began, and as this was the first charity organization of Chicago, no man is more competent to deal with the grave questions which require consideration than he. From Nov. 1, 1889, to Nov. 1, 1890, the Society expended $38,500, and gave relief to families as follows:

Number receiving aid once, 830; twice, 515; three times, 460; four times, 340; five times, 130; six times or more, 75, giving a total number of families aided of 2,350, with 6,015 appropriations.

Over 13,500 applications were received, but of this number 7,550 were disapproved.

Valuable information as to the work of this Society can be gained by a careful perusal of their reports which will undoubtedly be furnished on application to the superintendent.

The Home of the Friendless is a most helpful institution, working for the relief of friendless women and children. It has large and commodious quarters of its own in the city, as well as a fruit farm in the country, so that effective service can be rendered.

Of the Free and other Kindergarten Associations, too much cannot be said in their praise. The genius of Froebel is permeating the lives of thousands of Chicago children through the beneficial work of these societies. We would that they were multiplied until every child of poverty was taken into them and educated in the truest sense of the word.

The various churches have their missions planted in all parts of the city. Each and every one of these are doing good work, and their number should be multiplied. It is needless to enumerate these, as each church is doubtless familiar with its own mission and can give all needed information.

There are also many missions controlled by private individuals, such as the Kirkland Mission, Pacific Garden Mission, on Van Buren St., conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Clarke. All of these are doing grand and noble work, and those who conduct them receive constant assurance of the blessings they bestow upon those who attend.

We should not forget the three missions of Mr. Nurdy and his wife amongst the Italians—this is one of the noblest of mission works—sustained entirely by voluntary subscription.

One of the most promising works in this city is that of the Rev. W. D. Smock, who for over two years has been engaged in the rescue of fallen women and girls. Many have been sent to their homes, some

placed in positions, and others have been returned to friends. A home has been established and the support has been entirely voluntary.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has its headquarters in enthusiasm and inspiration in Chicago. To the honest inquirer there can be but one opinion as to the wonderful amount of good constantly following the efforts of these heroic women. They conduct missions, free Kindergartens, free dispensaries, newsboys' reading rooms, and many other reform and educational agencies, and are a most potent factor in the forces successfully grappling with evils of every kind.

The various day nurseries are doing good in helping relieve mothers, who are compelled to work, of the burden of caring for their children. The good to the little ones, also, is great, and will tell in future generations even more than now.

The work of the Salvation Army is too well known to need general descriptien, but to see that it is doing good only needs the exercise of a little observation. Under the guidance of its present chief officer, Brigadier Fielding, who has done wonderfully successful work in California, it will be more aggressive in Chicago than ever. It is to be hoped that ere long a home for the rescue of fallen women will be undertaken by the Army, and its "slum" work carried on here as in other large cities.

There are several circles of "King's Daughters," largely composed of the daughters of our more wealthy citizens, who visit amongst the poor, relieve their distress, care for the afflicted, and do it all "In His Name" under the motto "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me." This work, if thoroughly

one by these young ladies, would help wonderfully in removing the feeling that stirs the heart of so many of the poor, viz., that the rich have no thought or care about their wretchedness and misery.

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations do grand work in their own specific lines, and the work of the various Hospitals in their department is well known.

Then there are Waif's Missions, a Foundlings' Home, a Children's Aid Society, News-boys' Clubs and Reading Rooms; the work of the Hull House, which is the Chicago "Toynbee Hall"; and on the North Side a kind of Working Girls' Club has been organized, where educational work of every kind is carried on for the benefit of this much neglected class.

The Flower Missions each year bring joy to many weary hearts, and the Fresh Air Fund allows new life and vigor to be given to those for whom it was originated. The Humane Society and the Immediate Aid Society are both engaged in most helpful and needed work, and of these and many others we should like to give more extended notice.

The Industrial Schools have been so thoroughly described in the various newspapers that their work is made thoroughly familiar to all interested.

For the reform of drunkards there are the Washingtonian Home for men and the Martha Washington Home for women, and both do much needed work.

Grand work is being done in the personal visitation by godly men and women at the prisons, hospitals, poorhouse, infirmary and insane asylum. No words can estimate the value we attach to work of this character, as our chapter on suggestive remedies will show.

Chicago has the honor of being the second city in the world to try the experiment of police matrons. The good these women accomplish in their difficult position is not one half known. How much many a poor prisoner owes to their womanly kindness? We are under obligation to Mrs. J. B. Hobbes, whose paper giving the origin of the police matron work in this city was handed to one of our commissioners:

"It was after repeated interviews with the Mayor and Chief of Police that permission was given to place a matron in the Harrison Street Police Station, and then only as an experiment, provided the Women's Christian Temperance Union would defray all expenses; which they did for nearly one year, and also provided money for food for sick prisoners. So confident were we of ultimate success that we at once employed Mrs. S. J. Littell, who entered upon her duties as matron in the above named station March 9, 1882, to which position she was subsequently appointed by the Mayor. To quote from a former report: 'The experiment proved a success, so much so, that the officers in the station were very emphatic in their commendations, while the prisoners were profuse in their expressions of gratitude and appreciation for the aid and attention cheerfully given by a kind-hearted Christian woman.

She so patiently listened to the tales of woe, and so tenderly nursed the sick, that she was frequently called the 'good angel of the station.' From the beginning we had indulged the hope that the W. C. T. U. might be able to secure sufficient funds to pay the matrons as they from time to time might be appointed. This, however, was proved to be impossible, for very soon the good resulting from the matrons' work attracted the attention of other philanthropic organizations who urged the appointment of matrons for other police stations at once. And it was through the solicitations of the W.C. T. U., the Moral Educational Society and Prisoners' Aid Association, that two additional matrons were appointed by the Mayor in January, 1883. The salaries of the three were then to be paid by the city. These were followed by two more in February, 1885. The city also provided "police matron stars" for all the matrons, and have continued to do so as far as appointments were made. By this time it became apparent to all that matrons were needed, and

should be placed in the five principal stations, and at the request of the W. C. T. U., the P. A. Ass'n and the Chicago Women's Club, five more were appointed May 1, 1885, making ten in all on duty, two in each of the principal police stations, alternately day and night. Those appointed were recommended by a joint committee of the W. C. T. U. and P. A. Ass'n. At this time an order was issued by the Chief requiring that all females arrested must be placed in one of these five stations. The work gave good satisfaction, and there were very few changes until 1890, when the city limits were extended, and more matrons needed, then eight more were appointed. Later on more territory was added, and more were appointed. Jan. 15, 1891, still another was added, so they now number 21."

The Erring Woman's Refuge is, without any question, one of the finest homes of its kind in the world. Here, as its name implies, girls and women may come, or they are committed by some process of law, and under firm Christian guidance are led into a new life. We wish our readers could enjoy as we have done many of the letters written by girls who have been started afresh in life's journey from this home, where they speak in almost effusive language of the kind helpfulness they received when all the rest of the world had forsaken them.

We regret the name of this place. It is a mistake to brand any woman as "erring," and we trust that some day this part of the title may be changed.

The Home of the Good Shepherd is a similar home under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, and doubtless does good and efficient service.

The Anchorage Mission is for women and girls, and is situated in Plymouth Place. Its object is to provide a temporary home for needy girls and women, especially those who are in distress. Little is known to thousands of what this grand Christian home is doing. It reaches out and saves the most degraded, and also

steps in to prevent the fall of others. Women and girls come here voluntarily, and they leave when they choose. It is not a hospital, but a place where girls may gain new inspiration which will enable them to go out and fight the battle of life with success.

A midnight mission has also been commenced on South Clark St. It needs more workers, consecrated Christian men and women, who will go out during the hours before midnight and urge the lost and abandoned to endeavor to lead a new life. At present it is handicapped for want of workers, and only those whose hearts are full of desire to work for the good of their fallen sisters can ever accomplish anything in such work.

Another association that is doing good service is the Bureau of Justice. It is organized in the interest of poor people who cannot afford themselves to enter into litigation against those who wish to defraud them. Of cases taken into court the bureau won 342 and lost 33. There were 285 suits for wages prosecuted. All the claims were small, averaging under $15. The President remarks in this connection: "What a commentary on the injustice of mankind that in an age of high civilization the bureau should be compelled to prosecute 285 men and women of property and standing in a great city to recover the paltry aggregate of $4,000 in behalf of poor persons dependent upon their daily labor to procure bread for their families."

To the work of the Protective Agency for Women and Children we have already referred. It has been rendering effective service, and its hands should be abundantly strengthened.

It will be instructive for our readers to carefully

and thoroughly consider some points in the reports of this agency for the last four years:

In 1887 they investigated 12 cases of criminal assault or attempted criminal assault. In three cases, five men were sentenced to the penitentiary for terms ranging from one to five years each. In two cases, the men were held to Grand Jury and discharged; the balance were dismissed in the Justice Court, or they evaded arrest by leaving the city.

They had also six cases of abduction for immoral purposes, three were under the guise of employment, three were direct. In all the cases but one, the girls were rescued, and either sent home or respectable employment obtained for them.

The following year they reported:

Twenty cases of seduction and bastardy. As the former is not considered even a misdemeanor in this state, the only ground for action is the latter in this class of cases. We have brought seven suits, two of which were settled by marriage, three by payment of $200 in two cases and $500 in one, the other two were dismissed for want of prosecution. The remainder were dismissed for want of evidence, defendants had left town, or parties were unworthy, and not in need of help.

Thirteen were complaints of criminal assault. Five cases were brought to trial and resulted in convictions in four and dismissal in one. Four were dismissed for lack of evidence, and four were unworthy.

Six were abductions for immoral purposes. Two were brought to trial, resulting in one conviction for one year and one dismissal. The others were unworthy, or failed for want of evidence.

The People vs. Mrs. Annie Hermann, Charles Busse and William Sigmund, was a conspiracy to seduce two girls aged respectively sixteen and eighteen years. This was a long, hard fought case, resulting in a conviction with a penalty of five years each for the first two defendants, and four years for Sigmund. While on trial for this particular offense *it transpired that these defendants had long been perpetrating similar crimes.*

In 1889 the Society's report refers to:

Twenty-three complaints of bastardy.

Fourteen complaints were of criminal assault; nine of these were prosecuted in Justice Court. On trial one man has been sent to the penitentiary, one boy to the bridewell, one man fined $100. In three cases the evidence was not conclusive, in one we declined to interfere for good cause, and in two the girls were over fourteen years of age.

Eight cases of seduction; nothing could be done.

Three complaints of abduction; evidence not strong enough to warrant any action.

In 1890 the Society's report contained the following:

Thirty-four were cases of bastardy; eleven were held to the criminal court, eleven nothing could be done, either because the man could not be found, the case was unworthy or impossible of proof; two were settled by marriage, four for money consideration, and six were advised.

Twelve were complaints of criminal assault: four were prosecuted in justice and criminal courts, and resulted in convictions and sentences to the penitentiary; these were all assaults upon children; two were unworthy, in four evidence was insufficient, and two complaints by women in which the cases were tried in justice court but grand juries failed to find indictments.

Five were cases of abduction: three were of young girls for immoral purposes, prosecutions in every case failed because the accused succeeded in getting complaining witnesses out of the way. Our experience in these cases has shown us that we cannot succeed unless we have the moral backing of the justice of the peace before whom the case is tried. Two were cases of children by parents.

Since the above was written the Chicago papers contained the following item:

Springfield, Ill., May 6.—The bill of the Woman's Protective Association of Chicago, introduced by Mr. O'Donnell, amending the law to prevent the prostitution of females, was read the third time and passed by the house this morning.

By this bill any keeper of an assignation house who shall permit any unmarried female under the age of 18 to stop or room in such a

house, shall be imprisoned in the county jail not less than six nor more than eighteen months. Proof that such person was stopping or rooming in such a house at the time charged shall be prima facie evidence that she was there by permission of the keeper.

This is a step in the right direction, and should be vigorously followed up until all these abominable institutions are "worried" out of existence.

In all reformatory work for "fallen women" we are constantly met with the cry "nothing can be done." We unhesitatingly brand this statement as an infamous libel upon womanhood, and when uttered by a professing Christian, as a denial of the Heavenly Father's forgiving and uplifting power.

Here are a very few of many cases we might give of women reclaimed, and now living, as far as any person can tell, pure, good, noble lives.

Mrs. ——, when seen in one of the houses in "The Black Hole," was asked if she were satisfied with her life, replied, that she could never be satisfied, but was there through necessity,—her husband had left her,—she had a little girl—she was starving and almost desperate—no Christian would ever open her door to an outcast in distress; these—the houses of prostitution—were the only places that had open doors for such as she,—and indulged in a general tirade against the world in general and Christians in particular.

"But! my dear girl!" said the commissioner, "I am assured there are many places that would be open to you if you wanted to reform; but we will not argue, I can tell you of *one* at least, to which I will take you *now* if you will go, where the doors are wide open and where loving friends will care for you until another place can be found where you can earn your own livelihood!"

Tears began to flow down the poor woman's cheeks—her heart was evidently touched, and the commissioner, learning it was her birthday, redoubled the pleading, until finally she consented to go. She felt that she could never be forgiven, but God in his mercy assured her of pardon, now that she was beginning to live a true life, and our chief commissioner saw her only a few days ago and is assured that her life is right.

Another commissioner sends in the following:

I write on Monday, April 6th.—Last night a woman was met on the streets by one of our commissioners, about eleven o'clock, and in response to kindly inquiries, said she was left alone, her husband had run off with another woman ; she had no place to go to, no money, was so hoarse with sore throat that she could scarcely speak, nobody cared for her, and she was "going to the devil as fast as she could." She was urged to come into the midnight mission, and was led to promise to renounce her life of sin and shame. She is now being cared for, and work will no doubt be found when she is capable of performing it.

Later, May 4th.—This girl has given most clear proof of amended life and heart, and is now engaged in this city in honorable employment.

Another woman, who had been leading an evil life for some time, was found in a sick state by our commissioners. She now lies in one of the hospitals, where, with the utmost gratitude of heart she speaks of her "rescuer" as the only earthly friend she has. That her heart is "reformed" there can be no question. While this chapter was in progress of writing, this poor woman died at the County Infirmary, and was there buried,

after having given the clearest evidence of her restfulness in the love of the Heavenly Father.

One of our commissioners found a girl in one of the houses who was degraded beyond the power of words to describe. Her heart was touched, however, by the affectionate pleadings of the lady visitor, and she was induced to leave the house. For some months a home was found for her in one of the suburban villages, but at length the people with whom she lived began to complain of her inefficiency and general incompetency for the simple work required. She was accordingly sent as a last resort to the Erring Woman's Refuge, and there remained a little over two years. During that period she was led to become an earnest, sincere Christian, and the managers of the Refuge, desirous to see her work her own way in the world, at length sent her out to canvass with a book. Whilst engaged in this work she met a man in good position, who fell deeply in love with her. In due time he proposed and was accepted, but not before the girl had told him the whole of her past life. With the bravery of true love he replied, after the sad recital had ended, "I do not love the girl that *was*, but the girl that *is*. Let the dead past bury its dead—I shall marry you!"

They were married, and are to-day living as happily as can be, both working members in one of the most prominent churches in the city,—another proof that fallen women may be and are rescued,—do become good wives and mothers, and helpful members of society.

If we accept the idea of the fatherhood of God, it must be that he will receive back into His loving arms any of His erring children who turn to Him, and if He

will receive them, surely we should do all we possibly can to give help to their weary feet as they seek to journey homeward.

The Rev. W. D. Smock, superintendent of the midnight mission, gives the following as expressions uttered by those amongst whom he has labored:

"Won't you take me away from here?"—*Living with a man not her husband.*

"Does God care for me? Does He?"—*At the Bridewell.*

"Oh, I suffer so much. If I ever get out of this I will be a good girl."—*At the Poor House, ruined by a life of shame.*

"No, I won't go to the Mission! No one cares for me. Husband left me and took my little boy from me. I am homeless and without money, and no place to go to. God does not care for one like me."—*One taken from the streets by the Workers.*

"Never can thank you enough for taking me to your home from the Hospital."

"Would go home if I thought father and mother would let me come."—*Housekeeper in a Sporting House.*

"Just as well stay in this house of prostitution and be known as a bad woman, as stand behind a counter all week for $5.00, and then go on the street two or three nights to piece out the miserable pittance of a salary."—*Formerly a Clerk.*

There is one feature of much of the relief work carried on by either public or private charity, and that is, there is too much red tape about it. This poor woman can't be kept in the poor house, she must go to some other place, but where, nobody knows; and she, poor wretch, mind and body sick and sore with pain, disease, misery, sin, knows not how to pull the ropes, and as one gentleman said to us only yesterday, "So long is the journey of the poverty and sin-stricken soul to the place of relief that death often meets it on the way." And this is true. *Every* charity organization should be an *Immediate* Relief Society. Relegate red

tape to where it belongs—the Bureau of Circumlocution of Little Dorrit days, and let us have some method whereby our poor and distressed may be relieved immediately and kindly.

The public press has over and over again spoken fearlessly and kindly for the needy on this subject, and we trust their words are having effect, and that soon every society will be in such a condition as to allow its officers at any time to give immediate help, until the society to whom the case really belongs can be called to attend to it.

A Word to Professing Christians.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." —*The Golden Rule of Christ.*

THIS chapter was written by a Christian man after reading the foregoing pages. In response to our request he explained his motive as follows: Professing Christians stand upon a different platform from that occupied by non-professors. The former declare to the world that they accept Jesus Christ as their teacher, and the New Testament as their divinely inspired guide. Now by these standards I wish to show them exactly how men of the world regard their conduct. Excuse me if I write plainly.

We now leave the remainder of the chapter to our friend.

Let me premise that in all I here say I am not finding fault with those people in the churches who are honestly doing what they can to help and benefit others —whether by money, visitation, food or good-will. These remarks are only for those professing Christians, whose Christianity goes no further than profession and their little round of church duties, which with them produce no fruit for the good of others. I have read your chapters on Poverty, the Saloon Evil, and those

which follow, and am personally cognizant of much you describe. Do you wonder if in the face of all these *facts* that unbelievers often contend that *much* of our so called Christianity is sheer, pure, unadulterated humbug? George MacDonald once said the best way to show our love to God, our Father, was by being kind unto some of his other children; and yet too many of us, who are named by the name of Christ—the man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, who went about doing good, seeking the lost, healing the sick, relieving the distressed, and comforting the sorrowing—*we*, his *professed* followers, shun hearing of the misery and sorrows of our brethren and sisters.

"Oh! don't tell me such terrible things! I don't want to hear them! I can't sleep if you tell me of such horrors! I lay awake and think about them—I dream about them, and then in the morning I have such a fearful headache."

These are some of the responses that are called forth by our efforts to arouse Christian men and women to their duty.

Yet! dear friend! what are your one or two paltry headaches or heartaches in the midst of your luxury and plenty for body and mind, compared with the constant headaches and heartaches of these poor, neglected ones who are the Lord's children as much as you; nay, they may be *more* worthy than you; they may be honoring and glorifying God in their distress far more abundantly than you in your luxury.

Can you give me any reason from the Bible, or anywhere else, why you should be so especially favored, and these left so desolate and forlorn? Are you indeed so much better than they? So much more deserving?

Is it a proof of God's especial regard that you are thus circumstanced? I am free to confess not only my doubt that it is so, but oftentimes my positive assurance that it is *not* so—for now, as in David's time, it is perfectly true that the wicked are often seen in great power and spreading themselves as the green bay tree.

Christ Himself has laid down the law as to what constitutes his discipleship. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." Is it following Christ to do exactly the opposite to that which He did when upon the earth? His ear was ever open to the wail of sorrow; He never repelled with the cry, "Such horrible things keep me awake!" He *went to* the sufferer when called, not—"Oh dear, I can't go there, such awful sights take all my pleasure away!" In Christ's day the expression of his true disciple was, "Here am I! Send me!" But this is now changed to, "Here's my check! Send some one else!" and in many cases, "Don't bother me! It's none of my business." To such as these latter let me commend the following lines:

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

[A little girl was heard to finish her evening prayer with these words: "And I saw a poor little girl on the street to-day, cold and barefooted; but it's none of our business, is it God?"]

"None of our business!" wandering and sinful,
All through the streets of the city they go,
Hungry and homeless in the wild weather—
"None of our business!" Dare we say so?

"None of our business!" Children's wan faces,
Haggard and old with their suffering and sin;
Hold fast your darlings on tender, warm bosoms;
Sorrow without, but the home-light within.

What does it matter that some other woman—
  Some common mother—in bitter despair,
Wails in a garret, or sits in a cellar,
  Too broken-hearted for weeping or prayer?

"None of our business!" Sinful and fallen,
  How they may jostle us close on the street!
Hold back your garment! Scorn? They are used to it;
  Pass on the other side, lest you should meet.

"None of our business!" On, then, the music;
  On with the feasting, though hearts break forlorn;
Somebody's hungry, somebody's freezing,
  Somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn.

Somebody's dying, (on with the dancing!)
  One for earth's pottage is selling her soul;
One for a bauble has bartered his birthright,
  Selling his all for a pitiful dole.

Ah, but One goeth abroad on the mountains,
  Over lone deserts with burning deep sands!
Seeking the lost ones, (it is *His* business!)
  Bruised though His feet are, and torn though His hands.

Thorn-crowned His head and His soul sorrow-stricken,
  (Saving men's souls at such infinite cost),
Broken His heart for the grief of the nations!
  It is His business saving the lost!

Ah! men and women of the Christian churches, I am sick of such shoddy Christianity—I am disgusted with a Christianity that knows not Christ and His methods. Shame on you, those of you, who do not His will in this regard—you are of the race of Scribes and Pharisees—not one whit better—who lick the outside of the platter, and who within are whited sepulchers.

Do you mean to tell me that if the Christian men and women of this city were, *themselves*, unaided and

alone, without any help from the city officials, or any one else, determined that they would *themselves* ameliorate the condition of these, God's poor—for *all*, *all!* are His—that three months would elapse before there would be such a change as would make Chicago a heaven to these poor wretches, after the hell it has been and now is to them.

You pay your pastors large salaries, and for what? Here is one who receives $3,000, another $4,000, another $5,000, another $6,000, and there are more than one who receive $8,000 per year. Do you demand of them that they follow the example of the meek and lowly Jesus? No! No! You expect them to spend some of their time calling upon you! They must occupy exhaustive hours of study in preparing sweet platitudes for you. They must read all the current literature of the day to charm your intellectual palates! The sermon must be a finished production, whatever else is neglected.

Now! don't tell me that this is ranting. Look squarely at the facts! Do you honestly like your preachers to declare the truth to you? Do you want them to preach the gospel as Christ lived and preached it?—Christ who had not where to lay his head—Christ who was the friend of publicans and sinners? Christ who sat calmly whilst the poor prostitute bathed His feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair? Why, if your pastor were to go *alone*, trusting to his innocency of heart, and purity of intention, to visit some of these poor wretches, nine-tenths of you would, at once, begin to fling mud at him.

If he were to dare to openly speak of the sins *you* commit, some of you would at once leave the church;

others would probably demand that he resign; a very few would uphold him in his course.

If he were to tell you your plain duty in regard to the poor drunkards, prostitutes, waifs and thieves, he would never survive the storm of wrath and indignation some of you would visit upon him.

After listening to a sermon you go away, and say one to another, "How fine! What brilliant thoughts! What sparkling genius! What delightful rhetoric!" instead of saying, "I am moved to a more helpful life! I have been too selfish! I have done too little for others! I *will* henceforth be more like Christ!" Alas! there is too much easy *preaching*, and too little *living* the real Christ life.

"No! No! we must keep up the "social standing" of our church, and we much prefer that these people do not come near us lest we be polluted by them."

Poor, weak Christians, how I pity you! If your Christianity is of such a weak, milk-and-water character that it is afraid of the vice that comes to your churches to seek for good, it is not worth much.

You are sadly degenerate from the times of the martyrs—those who would dare anything, *all* things, for Christ. For here are you, daren't risk your *social standing*—your position in society, to help save these poor souls, who are God's children just as much as you, and for whom—if what you say you believe, be true—Christ died.

Be men! be women! do your duty! Lay the axe to the root of this tree of evil. There is but *one* remedy, and that is to do away with your own selfishness. For centuries the sages and philosophers and statesmen have aimed to bring about the ideal republic.

It has not yet come, and it never will—UNLESS practical Christianity brings it. *That* is the only remedy for the evil and misery. Plato, and Socrates, and Solon, and Pericles, and Cæsar, and Bacon, and Sir Thomas Moore, and Bulwer, and Bebel, and Bellamy, and all the rest, may write of the Ideal State, the Republic of the Future, and their ideas are "utopian" indeed. The practical remedy is the one which such reformers(?) deem the most utopian of all—that *you* by your actions, if not by your words, deem so utterly "*impracticable*,"—and that remedy is the simple *living* by Christian people of the law of love. "*Doing* unto others that which we would have them *do* unto us;" exemplifying the grand words of Paul set forth in 1 Cor., 13 chapter.

Let me illustrate: You, Christian, with wealth, luxury, position, education, culture, refinement, place yourself in the place of Mrs. ——, mentioned on page 25, and let her take your place.

Now, how would you have *her* do to *you* in such circumstances?

May I tell you what I think—nay, what I am sure YOU would say, if your positions were reversed to-day! This is what you would say: "Why has God blessed her so much more than He has blessed me. I have tried to do His will—I do seek to be His, and yet *she* is so blessed and I am so down-trodden. Now, if the love of God dwells in *her*, surely she will see my need and give to me some of her wealth. She spends $50 for an afternoon tea; $100 for a new party gown. Why half of that would be such a help to me, and she OUGHT to give it to me! Then, too, I have no friends, no loving sympathy from anyone, and a few words from a *true*, *loving heart* would make my life so bright.

A hearty, sympathetic friendship would be such a comfort to me."

Yes! and I think in the main you would be right. She *ought* to give, and therefore *you* OUGHT now to give to *her*. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him is it sin!"

This is the remedy, and the only remedy for poverty and vice. It is God's plan—a plan that the majority of Christians have never tested. *You* can test its efficacy and can begin at once. No need to wait for your neighbor to do his duty ere you do yours. Go, with the pure love of Christ in your heart, and beaming in your eyes, and radiant upon your face, to these, your *brothers* and *sisters*, and AS their sister or brother, minister to their needs. Not send your servant with a little broth or a pot of jelly! That is cold-hearted cruelty!—what people in misery want is love, as well as broth and jam. Go and *love* them with *Christ's* love. "As *I* have loved *you*, even so love ye one another." Do you wonder at Ingersollism running rampant in the minds of some thinkers, who, looking at *your* exemplification of Christianity, say it is *all* humbug and hypocrisy. I don't, and neither will you, if you will measure your life by the standard laid down for you by Christ.

And now a few words to the ministers. What I have written to the pew applies equally to you. Instead of wasting time and strength arguing about dogmas and doctrines, upon which you never can agree, expend the strength and time in "going about doing good." Take comfort to the suffering and distressed, instead of locking yourselves up in your studies.

Listen to what one of your number, the Rev. David Swing, says to and of you:

"Whatever may be the number and the value of religious doctrines, this age makes use of very few, and these are such as tend to make men better. Christianity is now a great reform, and its clergymen must needs be reformers. They must avoid fanaticism, but there is nothing in the shape of a real human betterment they must not attempt to establish. If the pulpit could raise the wages of the sewing woman and lower her house rent, and the price of her coal and bread, it should do so. Helpfulness is a dogma which overshadows the questions which once engaged Abelard and Jonathan Edwards. As was natural in a world full of development, sympathy for a soul in danger of hell has widened so as to include the person in danger of hunger and cold."

It is a good thing, Prof. Swing, to preach the gospel of helpfulness, and urge the people to their duty; but I respectfully suggest that both an easier and a *better* way is so to hold up Christ—*not* as *an example*, but as our *real life*, that the people will *become intoxicated* with His love; then they will repeat the story, and sin will be expelled by the power of this new and mightier affection.

Again I quote from Prof. Swing:

"What most deeply injures the pulpit of our day is the excessive growth of all material things—houses, furniture, money and all display—a palace in the foreground, with a small half-doubted God far off in the rear. The clergyman's dinner is richer than his worship. We are all so near alike in this humiliating defect that we are interested in keeping silence. . . . . Within the walls of all the Christian denominations there is abundant room for the outpouring of the religious heart. It is well, therefore, for the heart to have something to pour out."

Live Christ's life, go about doing good, help the sick, comfort the suffering and distressed, preach his gospel of helpfulness to your people, urge them to their duty, expose their sins of pride and selfishness fearlessly, and do your whole duty even though you be cast into a lion's den like Daniel, a fiery furnace like Shadrach,

Meshach and Abednego, a prison like Paul, or suffer a martyrdom like thousands of better men who have lived before you.

And with regard to the grosser vices, I commend to you, with my own emendations and additions, the words of the Rev. M. W. Pressley, D. D., of Philadelphia. He says, speaking to ministers of the gospel:

"I trust that we shall not be ashamed to have our ministerial robes corrupted, if it require it, with contact with suffering, sinful, sinning humanity."

Now! look at this statement. The learned doctor says "if it require it." The world is going to the devil at break-neck speed, and yet he hopes the ministers of the Christ—who did nothing else but "corrupt His robes" by contact with sinning humanity—will not be ashamed to do likewise! When will doctors of divinity learn that it is CHRIST who is to be followed and not the petty dogmas and ideas of men?

Again he says:

"I believe if our religion could be soiled by an honest contact with these living, awful, damning realities that we have to face in our cities, it would be far better for us."

Let me ask, "Can religion be soiled?" I say a religion that does not come into contact with these "living, awful, damning realities" is a humbug and a sham of the first water, a vile travesty upon the Christ whose name is polluted by being used to designate such a system. Religion can never be soiled. True followers of Christ will never have a fear of being soiled. His message was purely and simply to those and for those who are soiled, and any man, any woman, who professes to be His ambassador in these later days who

dares to talk about being "soiled" in delivering His message, is a craven and a traitor, and should leave the ranks.

The Doctor continues:

"I do believe that if we do not very soon meet and master this gigantic evil, we shall see the cancer developing upon the very body of Christ."

Yes, Doctor! we who look do already see it developing, and we pray you and all other true hearted ministers to speak out boldly, and live most positively the life that will kill such corrupting evils.

'In conclusion, let me urge you to quit preaching about theological dogmas, splitting hairs that are of no earthly or heavenly use when split, and go to work earnestly, leading men to apply Christ's life to themselves to-day and yourselves setting the example to your people.

Then, and then only, shall you be truly Christ-like pastors, and your people become truly Christ-like people. God hasten the day when this may come.

I have written plainly, and of course some of you will say offensively. The question with me is not, whether I have offended you; that I care little about; but, have I spoken the truth in love, have I showed you your duty in the face of these awful and stern facts of suffering, sorrow and sin?

I *know* that of which I speak, when I say that pure and undefiled Christianity is the only remedy for the woe of the world. Tom Moore wrote aright—spoke truthfully when his heart prompted that hymn you doubtless often sing,

"Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

The history of all reform work; the experience of

the only successful workers, such as John Howard, Granville Sharp, Elizabeth Fry, Margaret Prior, Florence Nightingale, Sister Dora, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Garnaut, with our own Moody, and many others unknown to fame, but earnestly doing the work of the Master, all demonstrate that, it is the *personal*, loving contact of hearts full of divine sympathy and affection that is to uplift the masses, *and nothing else will.* Christ is heaven brought to earth, and when the earth knows Christ, sin and sorrow will cease, *and never until.*

Suggestive Remedies.

"The two most remarkable cities in the world are Rome and Chicago." —*Professor Park of Andover.*

"Cities are moral battle grounds." —*Dr. Dorchester.*

"Except the Lord keep the city; the watchman waketh but in vain." —*The Hebrew Scriptures.*

"In our desire to ameliorate the evil condition of men, show us the loftiest peak to which the human mind and heart can soar. There, on that peak we take our stand to-day, and gaze upward and onward to a still loftier eminence, upon which we may take our stand to-morrow."

—*Anonymous.*

AS THE writer of the preceding chapter has said, so do we believe, there is but one remedy for all the suffering and vice of Chicago, and indeed of the world. Whatever creed or no creed men may have, the remedy consists in living the life of *unselfish love.* The Golden Rule covers it all. We may "Look Backward" and "Look Forward," and look everywhere, and our looking will be but effort expended in vain. The looking must be *Upward.* Not only for ourselves but for others. Our lives must be *practical* for others, as well as for ourselves. The world is cursed by selfishness; it must be saved by Christ, who is the embodiment of self-sacrifice. All religions that have had any power are based on this. Buddha Gautama would have lived and taught in vain without this as his keynote. Even

Confucianism means a burying of selfhood in reverent worship of ancestry—Mahomedamisn meant a sinking of self now, death even now, in order to make others followers of the prophet. Mormonism demands self-abnegation, obedience to leaders. And we may theorize about reform all we wish, and theorize forever, we believe that no other *reforming* of life and character can come except through that spirit of loving helpfulness, which the Christian calls the spirit of Christ. We do not care by what name it is known! We do not care who manifests it! That man, that woman, let him or her be called Christian, atheist, agnostic or heathen, who sinks self in a practical uplifting of others, whether in body, mind or soul, is the true reformer, the true philanthropist, and the true child of the Heavenly Father.

And all we have to suggest will but be amplifications of this principle, or what seem to us to be practical applications of it in multifarious and diverse ways.

In conjunction with this spirit of helpfulness, there should likewise be a corresponding sternness in dealing with those whose lives are devoted to a selfish preying upon their weaker neighbors. This spirit of punishment is not revengeful, but is a protective measure for those who need the protection of others, and is also intended to act as a deterrent to those who are guilty.

There is one remedy which many leading men in the scientific world believe to be the only practicable solution of one part of the problem, although few are brave and bold enough to openly advocate it.

The law of the survival of the fittest as it operates in nature—uninterfered with by man—invariably drives the weakest to the wall. He who has not strength to

win a place for himself in the struggle for existence, and there maintain it, is remorselessly thrust aside, and his life trampled out.

Amongst human beings, the humanitarian feeling and sentiment combats this doctrine of the survival of the fittest, and *some* amongst the strong seek to help the weak and protect them in the fierce struggle for life Now what is the result,—says our scientist,—and we would especially caution the reader that we are here giving the scientist's position, and not our own.

The result is, says he, that *the weak are helped to the general deterioration of the race.*

For instance: When we allow our feelings of humanity to stand in the way of the speedy death of the hopelessly diseased and the habitually criminal, we give to these classes the opportunity they are never slow to avail themselves of, viz., to propagate their kind, and more diseased and criminal are thrust into the conflict. We take these vitiated children,—cherish and protect them,—forgetful of the fact that when their turn comes, they will become the progenitors of the criminal and diseased classes of the future. Such people should be prevented by law from becoming parents, they should be rendered physically incapable of generating, and thus the weaker and the more vicious types would speedily die out.

This—the theory of emasculation—is that offered by some scientists as the great cure all and preventative.

But how would it work? How about the diseased and vicious amongst the rich? Their riches would enable them to overcome the law—wealth can ever find means for the gratification of all appetites, and the sexual appetite, being the strongest and most powerful

of all, would resist, with all the strength and vigor of which it was capable, any restraint of its exercise.

No! no! the theory could never be put into practice. The diseased and the poor and the criminal are with us, and will remain with us, until we lift them from their disease, their poverty and their criminality. The instinct of sympathy is one of the differentiations of the higher animal species from the lower; for, whilst we do not forget that in all anatomical and physiological features man is exactly the same as all other mammalia, we *do* recognize that he is *human* as distinguished from the *brute*. And the instinct of sympathy is one of the broad lines of demarkation existent between the brute and the man. We call it an instinct, whether this be the scientific term or not. It must be confessed that the average child in its very earliest years shows itself possessed of this sentimental quality, and it is only by years of hard battling in the world that the fierce race for position and wealth dulls the fine edge of this sympathetic feeling. But there are those who tenderly cultivate this feeling as one of the highest of human possessions, and so long as man possesses sympathy it will be impossible for him to coolly stand by and see the ruthless law of the survival of the fittest driving the weaker to the wall.

ON THE MAKING OF CRIMINALS.

In our treatment of criminals much might be done to improve the existent state of affairs. How much we might learn even from the Buddhist who prayed: "I pray thee to have pity on the vicious—thou hast already had pity on the virtuous by making them so." Socrates taught a lesson that the people of Chicago

would do well to learn, when he said: "It is strange that you should not be angry when you meet a man with an ill-conditioned body, and yet be vexed when you encounter one with an ill-conditioned soul."

Nothing better and more practical that we know of has been uttered on this subject than by Robert G. Ingersoll in his "Crimes against Criminals," and from this speech we extract the following: "Who ever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. The seeds of malice are sown in his heart, and to the day of his death he will hate the hands that sowed the seeds. . . . A punishment that degrades the punished will degrade the man who inflicts the punishment, and will degrade the government that procures the infliction. The whipping-post pollutes, not only the whipped, but the whipper, and not only the whipper but the community at large. Wherever its shadow falls it degrades." . . .

"The convict is the pavement on which those who watch him walk. He remains for the time of his sentence, and when that expires he goes forth a branded man. He is given money enough to pay his fare back to the place from whence he cae. . . . . .

"What is the condition of this man? Can he get employment? Not if he honestly states who he is and where he has been. The first thing he does is to deny his personality, to assume a name. He endeavors by telling falsehoods to lay the foundation for future good conduct. The average man does not wish to employ an ex-convict, because the average man has no confidence in the reforming power of the penitentiary. He believes that the convict who comes out is worse than the convict who went in. He knows that in the penitentiary the heart of this man has been hardened—that

he has been subjected to the torture of perpetual humiliation—that he has been treated like a ferocious beast; and so he believes that this ex-convict has in his heart hatred for society, that he feels he has been degraded and robbed. Under these circumstances, what avenue is open to the ex-convict? If he changes his name, there will be some detective, some officer of the law, some meddlesome wretch, who will betray his secret. He is then discharged. He seeks employment again, and he must seek it by again telling what is not true. He is again detected, and again discharged. And finally he becomes convinced that he cannot live as an honest man. He naturally drifts back into the society of those who have had a little experience; and the result is that in a little while he again stands in the dock, charged with the commission of another crime. Again he is sent to the penitentiary—and this is the end. He feels that his day is done, that the future has only degradation for him."

The convict should feel the protecting power of the state. He should be given a "chance" when discharged. Some of his prison earnings should be given to him to begin life anew.

"This would give him food and raiment, enable him to go to some other state or country where he could redeem himself. If this were done, thousands of convicts would feel under immense obligation to the government. They would think of the penitentiary as the place in which they were saved—in which they were redeemed—and they would feel that the verdict of guilty rescued them from the abyss of crime. Under these circumstances, the law would appear beneficent, and the heart of the poor convict, instead of

being filled with malice, would overflow with gratitude. He would see the propriety of the course pursued by the government. He would recognize and feel and experience the benefits of this course, and the result would be good, not only to him, but to the nation as well."

Hardened criminals should be kindly treated, but prevented from propagating their kind. The death penalty should be abolished for many and divers reasons.

Prisoners treated in this way would be far more likely to reform, and thus one of the greatest difficnlties of city life would be materially lessened.

Another suggestion as to the treatment of the insane. There should be a society organized by good, kindly men and women for the protection of the insane. There is no such society in existence in the world as far as we know. Such a society could:

1. See after the property of the insane. Many of them have no friends. They are sent to the asylum and when discharged their property has disappeared, and they are completely helpless and dependent at a time when, above all others, they should be cared for.

2. To find the friends of the insane who are not aware of their condition.

3. When discharged find them congenial employment, or care for them until such work is found

There are men who are discharged from the asylum cured; they try to find work and fail; in desperation they begin to drink, and in a few days are back again where they were before, a further expense to the country.

Women also are often driven into vice because they know not where to go or what do when the

doors of the asylum close behind them when they are dischaged as cured.

As far as we know there is no Convalescent Hospital at present in Chicago. We wonder whether the kind-hearted of our city are aware that there are constantly being sent out from the various hospitals, and the poor infirm men and women who are no longer fit subjects for the hospital, but are no more capable of earning their own livelihood or battling with life than is a two year old baby. Weakened by months of combat with disease, often without friends or money, discharged as cured, they need loving helpfulness at this time just as much as they did when they were first taken to the hospital. May we not hope that this department of needed work will ere long find very many willing workers and ready money, so that these needy ones will be adequately cared for.

POVERTY.

> "When rich men affirm that they can find no safe and wise use for their money in public-spirited charities, they reveal the grossest ignorance."
>
> —*Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D.*

Indiscriminate giving to the poor is to be strongly deprecated. Healthful men and women who will not work should starve. But when one wants to work, and tries hard to find it, and starves in the attempt, as many of both sexes in Chicago are now doing, something is fearfully wrong. It is simple nonsense to say this is not true, and it is equally nonsensical to say that those who are brought to poverty by their own unworthiness should stay there and suffer. This is neither good humanity, Christianity or common

sense. If a man falls down, even through his own folly, neither he nor the world will be benefitted by allowing him to remain down for other people to fall over. *It will pay in every way* to help him up, and then help him keep his feet when up. Everything that does this is good, everything that hinders it is evil.

In discussing these remedies, we shall endeavor to present them somewhat under their own headings, but it will be impossible to prevent one section from overlapping into another. Poverty and all crime are so dependent one upon another, and various crimes are so interwoven that it is impossible to completely segregate them.

Whilst in some things Chicago holds front rank in the world, it is sadly negligent in its care for the poor. The Lodging Houses of Chicago are horrible places in which the abjectly poor are compelled by stern necessity to herd together. There is no adequate police supervision—the keepers are under no special requirements as to health and decency. Such places are too often the haunts of vice and crime, as well as of wretchedest poverty. This could be remedied as has most successfully been done in Glasgow, Scotland. In 1870 the municipal government opened two model lodging houses, in which every lodger was "given a separate apartment, or stall, in one of the high, well ventilated flats, and has the use of a large common sitting-room, of a locker for provisions, and of the long kitchen range for cooking his own food. The charge per night is 3½ pence or 4½ pence (7 or 9 cents), according to the lodger's choice of a bed with one sheet or with two. (In any case he rests on a wire-woven mattress.) . . . . So decidedly successful in every way

were these institutions, that another one in temporary quarters was opened in 1874, to be replaced by a large and permanent one in 1876. In 1878 two more were opened, and a seventh and last in 1879.

Six of these houses are for men, and one for women, and the regulations of the city require that all lodging houses shall be for one sex or the other exclusively.

The effect of these city houses has been to lead private enterprise to do similarly, conducting their establishments on the same strict rules for good order and cleanliness, and at the same price. The incidental advantage, or we should say direct outcome, of such houses, has been the promotion of good order; and hence it has been a paying investment to the city as a police measure, and far more pleasing to the people than the erection of more police stations and common jails.

Financially, too, they have paid. After allowing for deterioration of property and the payment of all running expenses, they yield a net return of from 4 to 5 per cent. on the investment. "It costs about $6,000 a year to 'run' one of these houses, and the receipts are from $8,000 to $9,000. They are, therefore, a source of actual profit to the city, although, of course, designed primarily to promote good order and the welfare of the unfortunate classes."*

This Glasgow plan is earnestly commended to the Chicago City Council, and also to the philanthropists of the city, as one available remedy for the amelioration of the hard conditions of one class of our poor.

*Glasgow; a Municipal Study, Century Magazine, March, 1890.

In Philadelphia a corporation was formed to provide homes for working men. As the immediate outcome of the efforts of this institution 50,000 families were comfortably and enjoyably domiciled, and this was out the beginning.

For, other working men, aroused to a spirit of emulation; and other philanthropists seeing the good accomplished, set to work with a will to build more houses, and in a short time another 200,000 mechanics in Philadelphia had well-built, comfortable homes of their own. These 250,000 centers of joy and peace are the death of anarchy in the Quaker City, and so they would be in Chicago if they existed on the southwest shores of Lake Michigan.

In Glasgow, a wealthy man conceived the idea of erecting cooking-depots for the poorer working classes of that densely-crowded city. He opened them, fitted them up in good style, supplied the men with better food and quicker service than was given in an ordinary restaurant, and at a lower price. Nine cents would buy a fair meal. Then there were rooms that, at night, or indeed at any time, could be used by the men, such as reading-rooms, club rooms, lecture hall, etc.

Although this was started as a purely philanthropic plan it was not long before it began to pay 3 per cent. on the investment. The moral good was great, and the effect upon the lowering of the saloon and beer-hall business in the vicinity of these houses was markedly perceptible.

The following from a recent issue of the *Chicago Daily News* so fully expresses our thoughts on the subject of public baths that we quote it entire:

"In many respects Chicago is not only the most

wonderful but also the best appointed city on earth, and many of our institutions may be profitably followed as models by older and wealthier communities—New York, for example. But in one respect Chicago still fails to provide for one of man's greatest necessities, Thousands upon thousands of human beings—men, women and children—to whom Chicago represents their world, are in a condition similar to that of Coleridge's ancient mariner. With a slight alteration of a classic text they may well exclaim: Water, water everywhere, but not a chance to bathe!

"It is, indeed, one of the paradoxes of Chicago life that this great city, situated upon the shore of a vast inland ocean, is without free public baths. The ordinance prohibiting bathing in the open air along the lake shore or in other bodies of water within the city limits is very proper, but it becomes an almost heartless cruelty to enforce it so long as the community fails to provide for the great army of people who cannot in their own homes command the opportunity to take a bath. As a matter of justice and sound civic wisdom the people of Chicago should have public bath houses.

"They should be located in those neighborhoods, where people of small means reside, and should be so arranged and conducted as to be temples of cleanliness. They should not be small, dingy places, but large and airy halls, surrounded if possible by a large open space, kept in good order. If the city administration is too poor to build and maintain free bath houses, private benevolence which has furnished Chicago with such magnificent hospitals can find no more worthy object. It may even be argued that a private management would be better able to keep free public bath houses in

a perfectly wholesome condition than a management controlled by politics.

"At all events Chicago is lacking in one very important particular and is guilty of injustice to a great number of people so long as it has no free public bath houses."

And, during the summer months, it would be a good thing if a few well conducted floating baths were permitted on the Lake Front. With proper management they need not offend the good taste of those desirous of enjoying the view, and would certainly be a great boon to many classes of our hard working citizens.

Both the public and floating baths have been conducted under city and town authority for many years in England and other European countries. They are not expected to be money making schemes, but are for the promotion of cleanliness and the public health, and are therefore, legitimate enterprises for our City Council to heartily and thoroughly engage in.

Is it not possible for the city officials to set on foot some public works and city improvements which shall be for the purpose of giving the unemployed classes something to do? This plan was successfully carried out by Count Rumford, in Bavaria, and "How he banished beggary from Bavaria" might be a good pamphlet to commend to the Mayor and other servants of the people. In such work married men and those who have families dependent upon them resident in Chicago should be given the preference, then single men who are settled here, and finally the "stranger within our gates."

Ingersoll has truthfully said "Ignorance, filth and

poverty are the missionaries of crime." All that can be done to slay these missionaries should be done. There is no need for a solitary man, woman or child in Chicago to be long ignorant—the law can compel in a variety of ways where the individual refuses to learn. Municipal ordinance can do much to do away with filth, and true-hearted Christian women can go and patiently teach those who are personally filthy how to be clean. If a band of Chicago women, with loving hearts and willing hands, would go into the homes of the poor and teach these neglected ones how to keep home neat and clean, much would be accomplished. The law should insist that in every dwelling place there are conveniences for cleanliness, sufficiency of ventilation and space enough for decency. And there should be some adequate registration of rents to prevent extortion as it is practiced in some quarters.

Then it might be well to pray that another fire would come and sweep away all the horrible hovels where the poor and vicious are now crowded together, if we could only be assured that better places would subsequently be provided for them.

The personal work referred to is the only way the poor can ever be uplifted. General Booth's plan will have no real permanent power except through loving, personal uplifting contact. The "Toynbee Hall" scheme is good as far as it goes, but it fails in important particulars the same as some church missions fail, because they substitute something else for this practical plan of Christ's.

"But," said one gentleman, when this idea was given expression to by one of our commissioners, "Do you mean to say that Mr. —— and Mrs. —— should

go down amongst these people and live with them in order to uplift them?"

"No! and Yes!" is our answer to these questions.

"No!" when you mean living with them; "Yes!" when you mean going amongst them. Each and every man in good position with the true reformer heart must do *some* personal work amongst the needy. *He cannot delegate it to others.* He may not spend above half an hour a day, but that half hour is an absolute necessity for the preservation and cultivation of that tender sympathy and true affection within his own heart, and its response in the hearts of others, which alone makes "the brotherhood of man" practically possible. Sending checks to "institutions" will never accomplish much. It will do good *so far*, but it is only a step in the right direction, and, unless followed up by the personal love and sympathy of the donor, becomes a stumbling-block both to himself and the institution, instead of a real, permanent help.

If this *personal* work were done, bargain counters would soon become a relic of a barbarous past.

If you personally come in sympathetic *touch* with a poor sewing woman, and find her barely subsisting in wretched poverty as the result of the competition these counters engender, you will never again be content to buy cheaply that which she has to starve to make. You will want to pay, and demand to pay a reasonable price for your goods.

As far as possible we have quit buying from the stores such things as we can have made. We go to the workers themselves and pay them a reasonable price—which in most cases is double what they have been receiving.

We personally "boycott" every institution which does not pay living wages. There are stores in this city thronged by great crowds, which are as great enemies to the welfare of the poor as are the saloons. Penal enactments should make it an impossibility for the proprietors of such places to offer wages to women which will not respectably board and clothe them.

The person truly anxious for reform in these regards will determinately hunt out places to trade where the golden rule is the business motto, and not where the greatest bargains are to be had. Many a poor man with a family is struggling hard to keep the wolf from his door because he cannot honestly compete with his more wealthy and less scrupulous neighbor. To such as these give your trade, and demand of them that they charge you living prices for all they supply you with. Such trust begets response in higher ideals and warmer sympathies, and labor troubles would soon end if trust and sympathy reigned supreme instead of lust for gold.

You, reader, can begin this work, perhaps only in a small way, but enough to sow the seed—to insert the leaven.

The Christian Church is as remiss in this duty as any other section of society, and it utterly fails in obedience to the Divine mandate, when it neglects it, and does not insist upon its observance in others.

A great encouragement to thrift as evidenced in England and elsewhere is the establishment of savings banks for the poor. The government took this matter in hand, and people were allowed to stick postage stamps upon a sheet of paper and in this way make small deposits in their post offices. People are thus

helped to be more thrifty and saving, and poverty is often staved off at a critical time, which otherwise might mean disaster and ruin.

The education of the youth of both sexes in Industrial Schools cannot be too strongly insisted upon. One of our own citizens, Mr. Jacobsen, has written a clear and incisive treatise on this subject and we commend his work to our readers. Every boy and every girl should have some manual training, so that life has a practical physical-labor side as well as a merely mental side. A movement is now being inaugurated to provide these manual schools for the poorer classes who do not wish the higher technical training. The purpose is to fit boys to be good artisans—bricklayers, founders, moulders, fitters, wagon-makers and the like, and it seems to us that this is a step in the right direction.

Why is it that rich men do not become their own almoners? There are many shrewd, keen business men such as A. T. Stewart and James Lick, or lawyers like S. J. Tilden, all of whom, one would think, could have arranged their wills so that there could not possibly have been any dispute over them, and yet, hundreds of thousands of the dollars they wished to be used for philanthropic objects are being, or have been squandered in lawyers' and court fees. It is a good thing, rich men, to leave your money for helpful work, when you die, but it is a very much better thing to personally superintend its distribution. Only when this latter course is pursued, will it be properly done, and if it were done in this city beginning from to-day, it would not be ten years before Chicago would be renowned as the most philanthropic city of the earth. And such it ought to be.

The following article from the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, is a presentation of the subject of poverty and the poor which is worthy of consideration:

"There is true poverty, which no one sees; a false and merely mimetic poverty, which usurps its place and dress, and lives, and above all drinks, on the fruits of the usurpation. The true poverty does not go into the streets; the banker may rest assured he has never put a penny in its hand. The self-respecting poor beg from each other; never from the rich. . . . . Get the tale of any honest tramp, you will find it was always the poor who helped him; get the truth from any workman who has met misfortunes, it was always next door that he would go for help, or only with such exceptions as are said to prove a rule. . . . .

"We should wipe two words from our vocabulary —gratitude and charity. In real life, help is given out of friendship, or it is not valued; it is received from the hand of friendship, or it is resented. We are all too proud to take a naked gift; we must seem to pay for it, if in nothing else than with the delights of our society. Here, then, is the pitiful fix of the rich man; here is that needle's eye in which he stuck already in the days of Christ, and still sticks to-day, firmer, if possible, than ever: that he has the money and lacks the love which should make his money acceptable. Here and now, just as of old in Palestine, he has the rich to dinner; it is with the rich that he takes his pleasure; and when his turn comes to be charitable, he looks in vain for a recipient. His friends are not poor, they do not want; the poor are not his friends, they will not take. To whom is he to give? Where to find—note this phrase

—the Deserving Poor? Charity is (what they call) centralized; offices are hired; societies founded, with secretaries paid or unpaid; the hunt of the Deserving Poor goes merrily forward. I think it will take more than a merely human secretary to disinter that character. What! a class that is to be in want from no fault of its own, and yet greedily eager to receive from strangers; and to be quite respectable, and at the same time quite devoid of self-respect; and play the most delicate part of friendship, and yet never be seen; and wear the form of man, and yet fly in the face of all the laws of human nature;—and all this, in the hope of getting a belly-good burgess through a needle's eye! O, let him stick by all means; and let his polity tumble in the dust; and let his epitaph and all his literature (of which my own works begin to form no inconsiderable part) be abolished even from the history of man! For a fool of this monstrosity of dullness, there can be no salvation; and the fool who looked for the elixir of life was an angel of reason to the fool who looks for the Deserving Poor! . . .

"And yet there is one course which the unfortunate gentleman may take. He may subscribe to pay the taxes. There were the true charity, impartial and impersonal, cumbering none with obligation, helping all. There were a destination for loveless gifts; there were the way to reach the pockets of the Deserving Poor, and yet save the time of secretaries! But, alas! there is no color of romance in such a course; and people nowhere demand the picturesque so much as in their virtues."

THE SALOON.

The keynote to our whole position on this question is "the saloon must go!" We would no more tolerate the saloon than murder. Our voice and pen are forever pledged to unceasing warfare upon this hideous evil. Death and burial to it are the only things that will content us.

In Chicago high license has been tried, and with what result? It has *raised* the licensed saloon in numbers to 5,600. Liquor purchased in a high-licensed saloon will send a man to the devil as quickly as if purchased in one without any license; and unfortunately the "high license" places a false and dangerous halo of respectability about the saloon that it never ought to possess.

There are two ways of fighting the saloon evil. The one is by direct aggressive work against it, legalizing it out of existence, and the other is by counteracting its influence.

We would suggest the enforcement of all the present laws against the saloon. If Mayor Washburne wants a German Sunday let him know that it is against the wish of the better sentiment of the people of Chicago. Surely there are enough Americans in this city to shoulder the responsibility of enforcing the law. Let these men get together, and we will find them a man who will do it or die in the attempt, and another who is ready to take the place of the first should he become a martyr to the cause.

Punish every saloon man who sells liquor to minors, and amend the law so as to take away his license without a possibility of renewal for this offense.

Elect men to the bench who have the moral stamina enough to enforce the will of the people as expressed in their laws.

No saloon should be quartered upon people in a neighborhood where the majority do not want it.

The necessity for this will be apparent to any one who will read the account in the Chicago *Herald* Monday, May 18, 1891, of the opening of a saloon on Vernon Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, where the people of the whole neighborhood had protested against it. We briefly quote: "Women who passed by shrank with horror as the foul language penetrated the green blinds of the saloon and filled the air, and mothers were compelled to cross the street to remove their children from the contamination of the oath-filled air. . . . . .

"It seemed as if the place was filled with demons who came there to disturb the peace of the Sabbath. Men who lived in the handsome residences within thirty feet of the flashy saloon gave the place a wide berth when they were compelled to pass south to Thirty-fifth street. . . . . They sneered and jeered at the people who had protested against the opening of the saloon. The glaring white and yellow liquor shop seemed like a foul spot on a fair picture. Trees on which the bright green leaves were bursting forth into the open lined, the avenue, and fair green lawns dotted with flowers made the district one of sylvan picturesqueness. But the garish saloon, with its hideous crowd of drunken loafers, cast a glow of shame over the whole scene."

We would suggest the enactment of a law which should imprison every man found drunk, and at once send the officers to seek to find out from where he

obtained the drink. Then transfer the punishment to the men who supplied the drunkard with the means of his debasement, and make the penalty of the saloon-keeper imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Every man found drunk and convicted five successive times should lose his rights of citizenship until a certain period has passed, and the saloon-keeper who makes him drunk for double that period.

Refuse to grant to any man or body of men in their corporate capacity more than one license.

Immediately revoke the license of any saloon where known prostitutes are allowed to take their prey, and thus break up the detestable "cubby hole" system.

Enforce the law, or if there be no law, enact one for the suppression of the lewd exhibitions on the walls of saloons.

There should be a law passed prohibiting any saloon-keeper, theater-manager or any other person from employing girls or women to serve beer and any other alcoholic beverage in public places. In many saloons and theaters these girls are simply prostitutes, and in other places girls are thus placed where, more than anywhere else, they are liable to temptation.

For counteracting influences organize Coffee Houses where men may go and enjoy themselves without the alcoholic liquors. Make them more attractive in appearance than the saloon. Open up hundreds of them in every quarter of the city where public works are centered.

Establish more water fountains in every part of the city. The Humane Society and several public-spirited citizens have done something in this direction. This is a good investment for our wealthy men.

It is a great shame that in Chicago nearly every watering trough for horses is owned by a saloon, thus attracting men to drink, in return for the convenience offered for the accommodation of the horse. These watering troughs should be the care of the city.

It is likewise a gross negligence of public duty that there are not necessary conveniences for men except in the saloons and hotels. Public buildings do not offer accommodations for the general public. Many a man is tempted to drink because he must of necessity enter these places. Thousands of Europeans are expected to be here at the World's Fair. They will be astonished at this gross neglect, and will comment most unfavorably upon the mock modesty that dares not to make public provision for such necessities. The large cities of Europe can give us many lessons in this regard.

The education of the young will do much to break the power of the saloon, but not only should this include the question of stimulants and narcotics, but likewise practical methods of dieting. Many a man drinks because he is not provided with proper food, and there is a much closer connection between our food and our drink habits than we are willing to believe. Pour in the light of knowledge all around on this question, and keep up legal enactments, counteracting influences, education and moral suasion until the whole accursed saloon system is forever suppressed.

THEATERS, ETC.

It is natural that human beings should seek for amusement and entertainment. If we deprecate the existence of the low theater and concert hall and

museum, we must see that something else better take their places.

We would suggest the patronage of such places only as present good, clean, instructive and entertaining amusement. Christian men and women are often inconsistent, but never more so than when attending so-called respectable theaters, where often indecent and immoral plays are presented. Let them cleanse their own hearts and resolutely keep away from these places, if they wish to make reformation amongst the poorer classes. If the church people were to refuse to attend theaters where plays of the sensational character are presented, the audiences would be very small and the managers would be compelled to provide cleaner and purer entertainments.

People will have recreation and amusement. Why not establish in every quarter of the city a number of large public halls, dotted here and there—more than there are theaters—where, for a very small fee, people may attend good concerts, entertainments, lectures, exhibitions and the like. The Apollo Musical Club and Mr. W. L. Tomlins have done grand work in inaugurating the wage-workers' concerts in the Auditorium, but this is only one step in the right direction. What Chicago needs is the establishment by true philanthropists of these halls right where the working classes live. Wherever the plan has been tried under broad, sensible management, it has succeeded, and there is no reason why it should not be successful here. Look at the immense crowds that throng the music halls where beer, &c., are sold. Provide the music without the beer—give the entertainment without the temptation—and the other places at once begin to lose their power.

Men and women of every shade of opinion and belief can contribute heartily towards the support such a work, and it will allow those people—of whom there are a large number—who are unfavorable to the church organizations, to show their liberality in a public spirited enterprise.

Singing classes might be organized all over the city, especially in the thickly populated residence districts, and a corps of able teachers secured to give instruction, the whole to be under the direction of Mr. William L. Tomlins, whose name is a synonym of success. This work is reformatory, instructive and elevating in character, but to those who doubt it let them attend some of the classes during their hours of instruction and see what a wonderful educator is song and what joy it gives to the parents of the young.

Of course such plans cost money, but which is the better: to do this and expend in prevention, or later on to tax the people and spend the money in sending the depraved and ruined to prisons and reformatories? Philanthropy in every way pays, and when it is combined with the loving spirit it is more potent and powerful than any other force. The refining influence of good music works a great improvement in the manners of children which teachers and all who are familiar with its study remark with astonishment. If this plan could be enlarged a thousand fold, how great a help it would be towards the dawning of a brighter and better day for these poor children of Chicago.

Our wealthy men are often skeptical regarding the plans proposed to them for the disposition of their money to be expended for the public good. The above suggestion, if intelligently and generously sup-

ported and personally supervised by the donors, combined with first-class teachers, would have an influence for good which would counteract many evils in the lives and hearts of the young.

The following plan is in operation by The Abstainers' Union of Glasgow, Scotland: they have several large halls and the artists engaged are first-class. In these entertainments everything is done for the comfort of the audience, and for a few cents concerts, etc., are given—often tea, coffee, and cake are served—right where the masses live. These people do not wish charity, but are willing to pay a few cents—or at least as much as they do to enter the low variety shows and concert halls—for good amusement. As an investment the plan has been successful, and a balance to the credit of the Union is declared every year. It requires but an organization conducted on business principles to carry it out successfully in Chicago.

It takes too long and costs too much for many of the poor laboring men to get to the Auditorium. The cost of car fare would be sufficient to pay for an entertainment in the very heart of the district in which the workers live. There are as philanthropic and public spirited citizens in Chicago as there are to be found in any of our large cities, and we would that they realized the splendid opportunity here presented.

Our churches which possess organs could open their doors and give free organ concerts to the poor, or at least at a price less than 50c., 75c., and $1.00. The organists are here, the poor are here, the only thing lacking is the Christ-like spirit to give our good things to those who do not possess them.

Chicago's Public Library is a good one generally

speaking, but its usefulness could be increased tenfold, nay a thousand fold, at a trifling cost. Every student of sociology knows the fearful evils resulting from a devouring on the part of the young and impressible of books of a wrongly sensational, sexually-exciting and morbidly-stimulating character. Young minds need active guidance in the choice of books. This can be well done, if in the new building to be erected, a large "library lecture hall" be arranged for, in which, every night in the year, lectures on the many and varied topics in which the people are interested, might be given, by live, active, aggressive thinkers, and books for study of these special subjects be indicated on a blackboard, or on printed slips, for the guidance of the reader. The city should provide the highest and best mental pabulum for its inhabitants, and this lecture plan if tried, would unquestionably be a continuous success, if the right kind of men and women were in possession of the rostrum.

The churches, many of them, have missions in various parts of the city. Let them build more churches right where the people live, hold regular services, prayer meetings, Sabbath schools, etc., just as they do on the avenues. Let the people take hold of the work of the church, they will contribute towards its support, take a pride in working for their own church, and feel more at home there, where the folks are not too rich to cause caste distinctions, and where the poor will not feel uncomfortable if their clothes are shabby. The poor will give of the little they have with more generosity than the majority of the well-to-do. There are amongst the workingmen of Chicago many intelligent —not to say well-educated—men. They are qualified

to assist and help in church work amongst their own class, and here is an opportunity which they could never have in our large and fashionable churches.

If all signs do not fail, there is a strong current flowing already in the direction of more popular religious service, where there will be less preaching and more music, both vocal and instrumental. Several of the larger churches have found it necessary, in order to secure the same large audience at night that they have in the morning, to engage competent musicians, and the cornet, flute, harp, violin and organ unite their strains in harmony as important features of the service.

The sermon is shortened to about fifteen minutes, and is generally a clear-cut, clean, pithy, *practical* talk, which bears upon the everyday life and duties of the hearers. This is as it should be, and is a step in the right direction.

If this is necessary in order to keep the congregations of those ministers who have large brain power, who are eloquent and impassioned orators, and who give rich intellectual feasts, what must be done in those churches where the pastors are men of only mediocre ability, and who minister to the poor and lonely?

Why do not some of the *great* preachers of our city, now and again, when they have no evening service in their own churches, give of their talent to the people in the neglected localities, dozens of which may be found in our city. This would be far more charitable than seeking to hold services, with great eclat, in the large public halls, which, however much good they accomplish, *utterly and completely fail* to reach the great mass of degraded, wretched and criminal, who need such help more than any other class.

The masses can be reached by going to them, just as the greatest of all Teachers did. "The common people heard Him gladly."

That teaching and preaching will be spiritually uplifting that reaches the hearts of the "common people;" but they can never be reached by standing aloof from them.

In Chicago there is no public museum of antiquities, except a homeless vagrant collection, which belongs to nobody and is nobody's particular care.

There are no museums of ethnology or botany or zoology or mineralogy or conchology or anything of the kind. We boast of our advanced position, and yet there are small towns in New England where their youth have far greater advantages in this regard than we—in our great and wonderful city—can offer.

As for some of the vile dens called theaters, we have fully reported, we would see them closed once and forever as public nuisances.

IMMORAL DIVES.

We have scarcely patience to refer to these hell holes. A dozen true-hearted brave Christian men could shut them up in a week.

Policemen should be held responsible for failure to report their existence on their beats, and discharge be the penalty.

As for the goods, etc., sold in them they should be confiscated and burned, and the keepers imprisoned, without the option of a fine.

OBSCENE BOOKS, ETC.

We need an Anthony Comstock in Chicago to

cause the arrest of all men and women found engaged in this work.

Since the main body of the book was written we have found a man on the corner of two of our principal streets with a large number of the books described spread out on the sidewalk, offering them for sale, and no attempt being made to stop him.

We would have arrested and punished every theatrical manager, every bill-poster, every printer, publisher, manufacturer or salesman, and every exhibitor, and even every possessor of lewd books, pictures or advertisements.

To parents we would commend the words of Anna Garlin Spencer:

"There are two inflexible rules which every parent should obey and make the child obey, in respect to all reading outside of that required and suggested by a competent and trusted teacher in connection with school work. The first rule is, *get the best and widest knowledge possible to you in respect to mentally and morally desirable books and papers for your children to read.* The second rule is, *allow no child to read anything which you have not selected yourself understandingly.*"

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Jesus of Nazareth.—John viii.

"And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

"The real man is the woman he carries in his heart. If she be an angel of a woman, she will be apt to make an angel of a man; but if she be a devil of a woman, look out for him."

—*Rev. Dr. Williams, of Baltimore.*

"No woman" (and we would add—no man) "can sink so low into the dark bog and quagmire of vice as to be beyond the reach of the hand of our Lord,—that hand that was nailed to the cruel cross of Calvary."

—*Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D.*

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it!
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us.
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted!"

—*Burns.*

For the Social Evil, as well as the Saloon Evil, there are two forms of remedies: one, suppressive, the other, preventive.

We have spoken of the same law for men as women. Now let us apply this in a way not yet spoken of.

If a man insultingly accosts a woman on the public streets he is in danger of arrest and imprisonment. That is good. Let us have the same standard for men and women, and the woman who insultingly accosts a man on the public streets should likewise be subject to arrest and imprisonment. Many a young man in Chicago is dragged into moral ruin this way, who might

otherwise escape. Let the law operate equally upon both sexes.

We would suggest the closing up of every house of prostitution. The toleration of the "house of death" educates the young in the belief that it is necessary.

We would suggest the enactment of laws visiting severe punishment upon seducers, whether male or female.

We would abolish the age of consent entirely, but enact laws that should make it impossible for a woman under any circumstances to give consent to the violation of her chastity, and render punishment to the "stronger vessel," who cajoled or persuaded or forced the "weaker" into submission.

We would disfranchise married men who were known to be habitually unchaste, whether they were millionaires, statesmen or paupers. A man who cannot control his own sexual appetite, when he has his own wife, is not fit to be entrusted with the powers of the ballot-box.

For the lecherous wretches who tamper with young girls (see page 109 *et seq.*) we would suggest one of two things—life imprisonment, or incarceration in a lunatic asylum. Until penitent and duly reformed, no mercy should be shown to such vile polluters of our young.

The laws already on the statute book ought to be sufficient to prevent abortion, if properly enforced.

MASSAGE PARLORS.

Evil massage parlors should come under the same laws as houses of prostitution, and thus totally abolished.

PROCURESSES AND ABDUCTORS.

The laws bearing upon procuring and abducting are all sadly defective, and should be so amended as to make it exceedingly difficult for the criminal to escape. One has but to read the reports of the Women's Protective Agency to see how defective the laws are in this regard.

But while we speak thus of law, we believe prevention is the only real cure for these evils. And prevention must begin in ourselves and in the training of our children. One of our commissioners thus writes:

"I believe the time will come when men will absolutely hate the prudery and mock modesty of the present day, which says to the boy and girl: 'You may learn every other lesson you like but the law of your own being.' The first and most important lesson of life is left for the boy to learn on the streets and from vile companions, and the girl must secretly, and oftentimes dangerously, get the knowledge as she can. What a national imbecility, what suicidal folly!

"Oh, but I'm afraid my son will lose his purity and modesty if he learns these things."

You poor blind simpleton, would to God I could arouse your reason and show you the ruinous folly of your position!

Are you so foolish as to think that your son and daughter will be kept in ignorance of this, the most important of the laws of nature, with so many things to teach it to them? The literature of the present day is full of sex suggestions, the Bible from lid to lid,—from the first page where "Be fruitful and multiply," speaks the command of procreation,—to the last page, where

the adulterer and fornicator are judged—telling of the law of sex; the newspapers, with their horrible tales of seduction, lust and divorce; the stage, with its recitals of unlawful love; the canvas, with its glowing reproduction of sex ideas; the study of botany, showing the why and wherefore of anther, pollen and ovaries; the study of physiology, suggesting at least the analogy between the plant and the animal;—all these and a thousand other voices, natural and artificial, call upon him and her to learn the law of need of sex; and you, putting up a thin gauze of modesty, lest your son and daughter should see and know!

I would be harsh and stern with you, did I not know the result of early training! I would denounce your folly and show you how much worse than folly it is, did I not utterly pity you!

Are you, mother, any the less pure now than in your maiden days, because you know the law of sex, and in your own bosom have carried the existence that now so delights and gladdens your heart and eyes?

And do you think you are any the less competent to teach your daughter the glorious and holy lessons and duties of sex than her sometimes frivolous companions?

Many a physician could tell you of heavy hearts amongst good girls, who, under the first impulses and strivings of the sex life, succumbed to a temptation which they did not understand, and not fully understanding, were powerless to resist. And many a prostitute in this, as well as other cities, owes her degraded life mainly to the mistaken kindness of her parent, who, by keeping her in ignorance, rendered her an easy prey to the designing and vicious. The world is cursed by

ignorance; only in the full light of knowledge can the curse be removed.

We have carefully looked over the books provided for this purpose, and fail to find one that fully and completely satisfies the needs of the case. Children's questionings should be rightly answered, and we propose, when we have time, to write such a book as will show parents how they may, in the most natural, and therefore the wisest way, communicate this knowledge to their children.

There, too, should be the most positive and emphatic teaching as to the same law of life inhering to each sex. A woman has as much right to demand a clean lover as has a man. Let the dual standard of chastity be swept away.

The "physical necessity" doctrine is a foul slander upon manhood. It has no other basis than in man's passion. The absorption of the vital fluid into the blood for the building up of nerve and muscular structure,—which means increased brain and physical power —altogether does away with the idea of "necessity." Let these physiological laws be thoroughly understood by women, and at once a decided change for the better will come.

And while we thus speak of education we must not forget the vast numbers who are now imprisoned in this great house of vice. These need to be rescued. The Rev. W. D. Smock has organized a midnight mission for the carrying out of this work, but the helpers are few. Consecrated men and women are needed who will go out during the hours before midnight and urge these women to leave their abandoned career and begin the new life of purity. Then a number of homes

should be in operation where these women can go and be taught occupations to fit them to earn their living, and be generally assisted until they are competent to care for themselves.

Another branch of this work is the founding of a home (of course in no way connected with the other one mentioned above), for shop and office girls, who are away from home, whose wages are so small that they can barely subsist on them. A place where they can have their own separate rooms, where in a large parlor, or a series of them, they may be truly at home, with all that the word implies. Surely there are philanthropists enough in this great city to see that such works are begun and carried out. We shall be glad to place them in communication with those who are competent and willing to do this work, but who have not the means. There are several such places in Chicago, but their number and accommodations are utterly inadequate to the needs of this large class of women and girls; and where the idea somehow prevails that the institutions are charitable. This is not the idea. These girls will pay what they can, but the name of charity should not appear to those who pay; and they can be made self-supporting, even if the rates are low. The numbers who will take advantage of the homes will guarantee their success.

Of course we have but given suggestive remedies. There is no attempt made to formulate a great plan that reaches the world by its gigantic organization, but a *return* to the *old* principle laid down by Christ. Any plan which delegates the personal, loving contact to a society, will fail, no matter how much love there may be in the hearts of those who are conducting the society,

Personal duty cannot be delegated, and in its discharge.—like "mercy" it is twice blessed. "It blesses him him that gives and him that takes," and is more mighty and potent than any and all other forces in the universe.

With renewed activity in all lines of philanthropic work, hearts alive to the needs of others, ready hands willing to help, such sympathy and love as Christ manifested for our brothers and sisters, flowing freely in every direction, our city would receive such an impetus towards heaven as to make it indeed the most wonderful and beautiful of the cities of earth.

Since CHICAGO'S DARK PLACES has been put into electrotype plates, we find a matter, which is of vital importance to the people, has received no attention. The following article, by W. H. Morse, M.D., physician and chemist, of New York City, which appeared in the Chicago *Times*, of June 16, 1891—explains the subject:

REVELATIONS OF DE QUINCEY'S LIFE.

I do not know that I ever anticipated the publication of any work with keener impatience than that which I accorded to H. A. Page's "Thomas de Quincey, His Life and Writings." It was fourteen years ago, and at that time English publications did not reach this country quite as expeditiously as they do now. Consequently, it was not till some months after its announcement by John Hogg & Co., of London, that a copy reached me. It was read with care—proportionate to the anticipation of issue—and with something like avidity. But, on the whole, it was disappointing. To tell the truth, I cared little for the life story of the master of English literature, and, naturally, Mr. Page's work could not gain the deserved appreciation. My object in reading was to know more of the opium-eater—of De Quincey as a sinner of many omissions. Perhaps I expected the biographer to edit the "Confessions" with copious appendices, and because that he did otherwise the disappointment came. At the least, it was because of such lack of narration that I failed to apprehend the coveted fascination.

The "Confessions" had fascinated me as they have thousands of others, and the great desire was to know De Quincey intimately in that which he so aptly styled "that episode, or impassioned parenthesis, in my life." Failing of the knowledge the book failed of interest. In years coming later that knowledge was gained otherwise. Because that Mr. Page had not enlightened me I took interest in opium-eaters in general, and in studying them I have completed the biography of that most subtle of literary analysts. To do this is no extraordinary accomplishment, for have we not all seen Miltons in blind, wayside beggars, Charles Lambs in wandering, witless fellows, and Napoleons in Boulangers? Perhaps, however, a parallel case would be in finding out the "real" Byron in a study of the roues of our great cities! However this may be, the fact of the understanding of De Quincey's life through the media of other like-broken lives has been of greatest interest and profit.

I have seen the man in the habitues who, regardless of the ordinary obligations of social life, stand forth to demand pity and belie contempt. I have photographed him in the poor creature's capricious and erratic ways. I have known the years of a quarter century gone in the human beast, lawless of considerations of health and comfort. As are these men, so was De Quincey. In them I see endæmonistic qualities, the possibilities of abstraction, the disposition to a genuine more socratico character. The depraved being who "hits the pipe" or surreptitiously uses the hypodermic syringe, can be readily suspected of an ability to write a "Suspirio de Profundis." The abject and despicable wretch, scarcely able to hold a pen in his trembling fingers, pleads guilty in my mind to graceful periodicalism.

Moreover, with intensity of satisfaction I have speculated on the possibilities of what might have been had De Quincey's case been treated by modern medicine. Laryngectomy, at the time invented, could have saved Washington's life; the use of quinine would have cured Queen Elizabeth; an instrument now in commonest use might have prolonged the usefulness of William Pitt. "But opium-eating is different," in popular opinion. Not so, however. We cure opium-eaters now; we could have cured that man of the highest imaginative intellect. The parallel of my study stops there when I consider this; for the man who is the victim of this grave disease is treated successfully in our day. Ten years, spent extravagantly, was sufficient to change the complexion of a matter which had rather have demanded parsimony.

Two and thirty years ago, when De Quincey died, opium-eating was not catalogued as a disease. To-day it has a place in the nosology. When it took that place, now some twenty years ago, it was rated an incurable disease. Writers on the "Impossible in Medicine" named it with cancer, hydrophobia and Bright's disease. The knife for cancer, dietetic measures

in Bright's disease, cod-liver oil in consumption—all "*might* prolong life." So of opium eating. Physicians who attempted cure would resort to one of three ways : Stopping the use of the drug gradually, stopping it immediately, or changing the form of administration. These methods "might do," and in a certain percentage of cases were efficacious, but there was nothing rational about such measures of treatment, and mere tentative application is scarcely creditable to a learned profession. On all sides the admission has been made that to break off the habit by such conduct is exceedingly difficult, and can only be effected by actual external restraint, or the strongest effort of a powerful will, especially when confirmation of the habit is fully describable as a disease. Succeeding in a few cases and failing in many, such treatment has never redounded to the credit of the medical profession. The recognition of this fact acted as an advertisement of something better, and led to the establishment of "retreats" and "asylums" and "discovery" of "remedies." It is quite unnecessary to dwell upon the discrimination between the success and the failure of these methods. Much can be predicated in the favor of rest, change of thought and living and the betterment of surroundings. These measures do good, but if they contribute to the cure of one case they fail in nine. Of the "remedies" it is best to speak with reserve. I do not question that hydrochlorate of morphia, chloride of gold, and the like, have to do with the cure, but it is hardly worth while to put much confidence in a rotten and rickety bridge, though it has been crossed in safety time and again.

Such treatment comes short of rational medicine, and, understanding this, physicians have sought the appropriate provision. Dr. J. F. Albers' idea of astringent vegetables to be used in the patient's dietary was good and has worked well, the tannin of the vegetables limiting physiological activity by forming tannate of morphia, which is not readily soluble. Dr. Roberts Bartholow's advocacy of the use of belladonna, on the principle of the antagonism maintained between it and opium, has been measured by success ; but to substitute belladonna narcosis for opium narcosis is hazardous at best. Dr. J. M. DaCosta's "free use of black coffee" has undoubtedly procured good results in milder cases. Professor Gubler's argument for quinine, on the strength of its antagonizing the cerebral effects of opium, is well founded, and the same may be said of tartar emetic (Dr. A. Erlenmeyer) and for digitalis (Dr. O. J. B. Wolff). Claude Bernard has done well to recommend cocoa, and Dr. J. Bywater Ward to approve strychnia. All of these are "cures," but a better one than any other is that of Dr. S. B. Collins, of Chicago, who has the patient renounce the drug, and then provides against the craving by the use of an antidotal remedy, which acts as a true antidote. Nothing can be more emphatically confirmed in therapeutics than the feasi-

bility of antidotal or antagonistic treatment. Opium is a poison, and a poison demands an antidote. The principle is that of vaccination for smallpox, of quinine for intermittent fever, of salicin for rheumatism, of iron for anæmia.

I confess that I do not like to think upon Thomas de Quincey as having been diseased by opium or poisoned by its use. But what else was it? What else is that which is destroying the hundreds and thousands of our day? The extent of the prevalence of the opium habit is as enormous and dreadful as it is alarming. We may be indifferent to the fact that there are 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 habitues in Asia; but—think of it!—100,000 Americans eat opium, 1,000,000 Americans indulge in opium-smoking, a legion of Americans use hypodermic injections of morphia as a terrible luxury. And the habit is increasing. There are hundreds who eat an ounce a week, the average being, however, much less (five to forty-five grains a day). They are our neighbors. Yonder is the man! That is the woman! There is the child of the accursed parent! As compared with alcoholic drinks in engendering crimes and insanity opium stands all too well. The wealthy use it and the poor are its slave. The schoolgirl, the shopboy, the mechanic, the sewing-woman, the man of ease, the scholar, the wretch whom the gutter spurns—are all under the dread dominion. I remark the habit in all classes, and strenuously deny the oft-heard statement that the habitues are chiefly individuals of weak will power, low down in the walks of life, who would just as easily become the victims of intoxicating drinks. There are such, but there are men of De Quincey's type—clergymen, lawyers, men and women of all vocations—who are quite as much the moral imbeciles.

Shall we cry out a tirade against the Chinese as factors in the crime? Shame on us, if we do! The opium joint becomes harmless when we bring other factorships to light. The manufacture and sale of hypodermic syringes is a leading industry among surgical instrument makers, but although every physician has his syringe, he buys but one out of every four that are manufactured. The druggist would require twice as long to empty his opium jar if his only customers were medical men. The opium "fiend" is to be met on every street. The evil is the evil of a death-life.

What can be done? The law—pshaw! "Moral suasion." Moral suasion to death, Cr., By ——,000 souls lost.

De Quincey's picture has been placed on an eloquent page by W. R. Findlay. It is that of a personified intellect—perfect, persuasive, cordial—engraved in fine lines on one side of the printed page. But hold it to the light. There is a picture on the other side. It shows through the paper. It is that of a haggard, nervous, depraved creature. Looking on it, I cannot but begin to appreciate the fidelity of Mr. Page's work.

THE ILLUSTRATOR EXTRA. Vol. VIII. No.

Chicago's Dark Places.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS

HEAR JOSEPH COOK,

BOSTON.

"CLIFF SEAT, TICONDEROGA, N.Y.,

"JUNE 29, 1891.

"ADAM CRAIG, ESQ.,

"77 JACKSON ST., CHICAGO.

"DEAR SIR:

"YOUR VOLUME, ENTITLED, 'CHICAGO'S DARK PLACES,' IS A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO CURRENT REFORM. I CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE TIMELINESS AND COURAGE OF THE BOOK, AND HOPE IT WILL HAVE A WIDE CIRCULATION.

"RESPECTFULLY,

"JOSEPH COOK."

ENDORSED BY

ANTHONY COMSTOCK,

Secretary for the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

I am certainly greatly indebted to you for copy of your book, "CHICAGO'S DARK PLACES."

After nearly twenty years of experience in this city I appreciate the faithful spirit in which the work of your commission has been performed, and I also appreciate the bravery and heroism which was required to seek out the facts in order that Parents, Teachers and Christian Workers might be informed of the odds that are against them. It is a faithful picture so far as I have read.

In glancing over the book, I could not but feel that I should not want it to be placed in the hands of children. I understand that it is not so intended.

I would keep it very closely confined to the circle of those for whom it is designed. Certainly every pastor in your locality ought to read the facts which you have gathered.

Wishing you every success in your efforts to ameliorate the condition of the suffering and to raise the fallen, believe me,

Very truly yours. ANTHONY COMSTOCK, *Secretary*

Rev. S. J. McPHERSON, D.D., Chicago.

Rev. WALTER M. BARROWS,
Pastor Second Congregational Church, Rockford, Ill.

FATHER IGNATIUS, O. S. B. British Monk.

Rev. RICHARD HARCOURT, D.D., Baltimore.

Rev. WOODFORD D. SMOCK,
Superintendent Chicago Midnight Mission.

"THE UNION SIGNAL,"
Organ of Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

MARY ALLEN WEST.

Rev. FLAVIUS J. BROBST,
Pastor Union Temple, Chicago

"THE CHICAGO HERALD."

Miss NETTIE HOUGHTON,
Representative Anchorage Mission for Women and Girls.

Mrs. MARY B FLETCHER.
Superintendent Talcott Home, Chicago.

Miss CELIA SMOCK,
Superintendent Anchorage Mission, Chicago.

And Many Others.

"IT IS MEET THAT WE SHOULD COMPASSIONATE THE WRETCHED AND RECEIVE THE PENITENT. IT IS MEET THAT WE SHOULD FULFILL THE CLAIMS OF AFFECTION, BE IT PARENTAL OR FRATERNAL; AND WHEN OUR HEARTS ARE FILLED WITH GLADNESS, IT IS MEET THAT WE SHOULD EXPRESS OUR JOY, AND LET OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS SHARE IT."

—HAMILTON.